

A/N: Okay, here's my crack at a HONKS fanfic! This story does have Super!Smart!Independent!Happy!Harry, so if you don't like, don't flame, and don't read it. For those that like these kinds of stories, enjoy! Updates will likely be fortnightly, although in some cases it may be longer...schoolwork is more important than fanfiction at this time in my life. R&R if you like it; it's the only reward we get for this!

Disclaimer: I do not, nor have I ever owned any part of Harry Potter...bugger. Also I'm not making any cash of this, I simply wrote it for the enjoyment of doing so - praise be to J K Rowling!

Harry Potter lay on his bed, completely still. There were untouched plates of food by the door; and the oldest of them were beginning to rot, filling the dismally small room with a rank stench that had Aunt Petunia running as soon as she had shoved yet another plate through the small gap in the door. Harry didn't even hear the door open, nor did he pay any attention to the sounds of retching when the black-haired woman caught the smell of his abode full in the face. His eyes didn't even register the new bowl of food that had been pushed through into the room, and if they had, he honestly would not have cared. The piece of ceiling above him had been completely blank when he had returned from his ordeals at the Ministry, but now had a face carved into it; a face which stared back at Harry with an expression the young-man could only construe as hate and disappointment.

Harry had gotten off the Hogwarts Express in a daze, only just managing to comprehend the words that Mad-Eye Moody had been snarling at his 'caregivers', before driving home in complete and utter silence with Vernon glancing in the rear-view mirror; his face becoming redder and redder as the ride drew on. When they had arrived back at Privet Drive, Harry had gotten out of the car, grabbed his bags, followed his 'family' inside and then retreated to his room – if it could even be called that. He had immediately collapsed onto his bed, only turning to face the ceiling before falling still and staring at the roof, his magic eventually carving the image that had been in his mind since the moment it had happened into the wood above him.

It was in this exact position Harry Potter lay five days later, his eyes still focused on his dead godfather, never having closed them for more than ten seconds since arriving back at the Dursley's. For the first time in several days however, something outside of his horrific and haunting memories caught his attention.

"What the hell are you doing here you FREAK!"

It was when Harry heard the retort from the person, and the reaction he knew such a retort would bring, that the young wizard snapped. "Piss off you stupid, abusive bastard of a muggle; I'm here to see Harry!" In a fraction of a second Harry was off his bed, in another he had his hand on the door, and in the next he had wrenched it open, his hand automatically coming up. His eyes seemed to be on fire, but the glow that was there wasn't the happy glow that a young teen should have been in possession of – it was positively murderous. He immediately took in the situation. Standing with her foot on the top stair was an auror who Harry immediately identified by her bright pink hair, and behind her was Vernon; his face contorted into a look of complete and utter rage, and a knife held in his hand – a knife that was swinging quickly down towards the woman's exposed back.

A yellow flash shot from Harry's hand and hit Vernon's arm, causing a loud crunch to echo out in the quiet hallway. It was a moment later that the screaming began. Tonks had seen Harry burst from his room, a positively deadly look on his face, and had stood, shocked, as the curse had rocketed past her shoulder. When she turned around and saw the mangled arm, and the knife, her eyes had widened as she realized just how close she had been to being killed.

She looked up at Harry and gasped at his gaunt, dead appearance. The clothes he was wearing seemed to hang from his body, and were dark with grime and sweat; dark bags were beneath his eyes; and his face showed the marks of tears that had long since passed. The one thing that horrified her the most however, was the look in his eyes. Whereas the last time she had seen him he had smiled at her, and his eyes had been filled with mirth when she had tripped over her coat, his green orbs now held only a world of pain, sorrow, and hate. She thought she saw a flicker of what he used to be when his eyes met hers, but it was gone almost as quickly when he looked to his uncle, who had managed to drag himself onto the landing and was clutching at his ruined arm in agony while screaming bloody murder at the raven-haired boy in front of him.

Harry Potter paid his uncle no heed whatsoever, and nodded to Tonks before turning back into his room and holding the door open so that the pink-haired auror could follow. She did, but immediately blanched when she saw the state, and smelt the stench in the room

where she knew Harry lived – if living was an action that could even be performed in such a place. Harry closed the door quietly behind her and then walked over to the bed before collapsing onto it; his sudden exertion finally taking its toll on his body. From the bed, he peered over at Tonks and gave the smallest of smiles when he saw her strangely comforting hair. He frowned however, when he looked around the room; not even smelling the stench because he had been living in it for days. "I'm sorry about the mess Tonks."

The metamorph jumped at the hoarse voice, and stared at him lying on the bed. "You're sorry about the mess?" He nodded as if it was the simplest thing in the world, and Tonks felt her heart almost break at the complete acceptance of his horrible condition. She strode over to him, but froze and gasped when she saw the carving in the roof. Harry followed her eyes and felt a surge of self-hate flow through him. The face of Sirius had haunted him every moment since the man had died; his eyes filled with hate when he had turned to his godson the fraction of a second before he had hit the veil, and his eyes had turned blank. It was this last look, this last expression from his godfather that had had Harry in the state he was in currently. Tonks looked down at the young man in the bed in horror; the reason for his condition becoming blatantly clear when she saw the flash of loathing in his eyes as he looked at his godfather above him. "Harry..."

Slowly his eyes refocused, and the worried face of Nymphadora Tonks came into his vision, causing yet another small smile to grace his lips. The croaking voice that came from his mouth however, had the young witch nearly in tears. "I'm sorry I killed Sirius."

The one thing that the depressed young wizard had not been expecting was the pink-haired auror to collapse onto him in tears, clutching at his shirt as if afraid that she would lose him any second. In all honesty, Harry had expected that she would want to be as far away from him when she heard what he said, but it was her words that brought tears to his eyes as she sobbed unabated into his chest. "Y-you didn't, y-you wouldn't ever k-kill Si-si-him Harry; h-he loved you I-like a son!" Harry had absolutely no idea what to say, or do in the current situation, so he simply lay there – not moving a muscle. Eventually Tonks's crying came to an end, and she raised her head from his shirt – wondering why she wasn't repulsed in the least by the dirty clothes. She looked right into his emerald eyes, and frowned when she saw the complete confusion in his dark orbs.

"Sirius's will Harry, Dumbledore told us that you didn't want to be there..."

Harry had been silent for five entire days; he hadn't moved once in that entire time, but that most certainly didn't mean that he hadn't been thinking. His eyes narrowed, and he peered down at Tonks – squeezing her shoulder to assure her that the anger wasn't directed at her. "I haven't heard from Dumbledore since the Ministry."

Her frown deepened, and Harry finally realized just what kind of state he was in, causing him to blush in shame and move her off him. She looked up to see what he was doing, and only just caught sight of his ashamed expression as he turned his back to her and rummaged around in his drawer. She was about to ask just what he was doing when she saw the bottle of shampoo and body wash that he produced before hurrying over to the door – a sheepish grin on his face which made her heart leap. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

As soon as he had closed the door to his room, his expression turned calculating, and it remained that way as he walked over into the bathroom – happily noting the sound of an ambulance outside, and the lack of a screaming uncle at the top of the stairs. He turned on the water and quickly divested himself of his clothes before stepping under the scalding hot torrent; his eyes closed as he thought about the events of the past few minutes, and how they related to his musings over the past five days, and years.

Firstly, his uncle was far more of a fuckwit than he had previously anticipated – not that he hadn't accounted for the possibility but still...there had to be a limit to just how astoundingly stupid someone could be. Secondly, he had been pulled completely out of his depression by one sentence from a woman whose voice he had recognized as Nymphadora Tonks, and lastly, she had given him the last piece of information he needed in regards a major object of his musings. He opened his eyes and blanched when he saw the dirty water disappearing into the drain, even after standing under the water for several minutes. He thoroughly washed himself, and sighed happily when he stepped out of the shower; he felt much, much better than he had when he had entered it.

After a moment's contemplation, he left his filthy clothes on the floor of the bathroom and walked back to his room with the towel wrapped around his waist. He knocked on the door. "It's just me."

Without waiting for an answer, he opened the door and stepped into the room – taking a surprised step back when he saw the momentous improvement of the space inside.

The rotting food had been banished; the bed on which he had been lying had been cleaned, expanded, and redressed with dark red sheets; the floor had been covered in plush carpet; and the room itself had expanded to almost twice the size. Harry looked around in astonishment, his eyes finally coming to rest on the now-black-haired woman that was sitting on a brand new couch. She smiled warmly at him, and he felt himself smiling back; a surge of happiness flowing through him. She raised her wand and flicked the door closed before he felt a surge of magic signalling that it had been locked. "Wotcher Harry!"

For the first time in several days, Harry laughed. It was as if a dam had broken, and everything that he had been holding back flooded from him all at once. He clutched at his sides as the laughter took hold, and paid no heed to the tears rolling down his cheeks. Tonks would have been worried had she not seen the dancing mirth in Harry's eyes, and she was nearly in tears herself – but due to relief that the young man in front of her wasn't completely lost.

He collapsed to his knees after about a minute, and was soon gasping for breath while trying to calm himself. Tonks noted his dilemma, and cast a small spell that was used to counter the cheering charm, hoping against all hope that it wouldn't return him to his previous state. Harry looked up as he felt the calm envelop his mind, and nodded thankfully at Tonks when he saw her wand aimed at his head. He picked himself off the floor, albeit painfully because of his unused muscles having been given quite the workout, and hobbled over to his dresser where he pulled out a baggy pair of hand-me-down boxers. As he was about to pick out a shirt he felt a hand on his shoulder, and tensed for a moment before relaxing when his body realized that it could only be one person. He turned around to face the female auror, and felt his cheeks flush when he saw her warm smile. He looked down at her hands, and peered cautiously into the bag that she was offering him. His eyes widened when he saw the brand new clothes inside, and his emerald orbs locked with her violet ones. There was a moment of awkward silence before Harry took the bag and smiled at her. "Thanks Tonks."

She felt her heart skip a beat at the gentle tone he had used; a far sight from the croak she had heard before, and turned away quickly to hide her slight blush. "No problem Harry, I'll just look out the window while you change."

He smiled at her back and nodded, before taking a few steps back, placing the new clothes on his bedside table, and beginning to get dressed into the hand-me-down boxers and t-shirt. "I like what you've done with the place."

She smiled warmly, but frowned when she remembered the state of the room when she had arrived. "I thought you might." She hesitated before speaking again, and she heard Harry sigh from behind her. "How did you live?"

His silence made her think that perhaps she had asked too much, and she was about to apologise when his voice came from behind him, slightly muffled as he pulled the shirt over his head. "What else was I supposed to do? Go and demand that Dumbles let me leave? I highly doubt that such an act would get me anything more than a quick obliviate and a compulsion charm to return."

"Harry!" She spun around angrily, but blanched when she saw the angry look on his features – not that the dark bags under his eyes helped with the overall effect.

When he noticed her gaze his expression immediately changed, and softened. He walked over to his school trunk that was next to his bed and pulled out a small, leather book before throwing it to the witch. He showed no outward surprise at her quickly and accurately snatching the book from mid-air, but filed the observation away for later use. He watched her eyes widen when she opened the book, and then snap to his face when she realized that nearly every page had been used. It was no wonder really; the title "Dumbledore; why he's a manipulative old bastard" on the first page was an eye-opener right off the bat, let alone the facts that were written in the pages that followed.

Harry took the one step to his bed, and was asleep even before his head hit the pillow. Tonks was too busy to notice, but when she finally finished reading thirty minutes later, she stood up, spun around, and yelled, "I am going to bloody kill that manip—" before cutting herself abruptly short when she saw Harry lying on his bed,

completely oblivious to everything around him. She placed the book on the newly-conjured desk and walked quietly over to the bed, looking down at the sleeping wizard who had a happy, contented smile on his face.

She felt her cheeks flush at the smile, and caught herself before her hand brushed lightly over his cheek. She mentally berated herself, what the hell are you doing Nymphadora? He's sleeping, and you're twenty three for God's sake! She shook herself and stood up, before collapsing into a comfortable chair that she conjured for herself – only one thought running through her confused, angry, and stunned mind: what the bloody hell is going on?

A/N: Thanks a lot to all the reviewers and people that liked this story; it really does go a long way to keeping my spirits buoyed, and a review certainly keeps me motivated to keep writing and posting. Anyways, hope you like this chapter; over a week earlier than promised!

Harry woke slowly, and tentatively cracked his eyes open to see the morning rays of sun peeking through his window on the other side of the room. His eyes widened when he saw just how far away the window was, and he turned violently in his bed to look on his other side. The panic however, was completely unfounded, and he smiled gently at the sleeping woman by his bedside. Her black hair came down to just past her shoulders and framed her face beautifully; her features were completely relaxed in a way that Harry had never before seen; and her breathing was slow and even. He flicked his finger and the time floated in front of his eyes – which he could see perfectly through – proudly proclaiming that it was seven o'clock in the morning, two days after he had fallen asleep. He couldn't help but be relieved that he had gotten some water down his neck in the shower; he remembered reading somewhere that going without the clear liquid for much longer would've resulted in him pushing up daisies – and that just would not have done.

He felt, and heard his stomach grumble, and he blushed in embarrassment; apparently he was in need of food. He looked above the bed and into the face of his godfather, but instead of feeling the depression sweep over him once again, he felt a rush of love. He reached his hand upwards and smiled before murmuring quietly. "That old coot won't know what the hell hit him Padfoot." He got up before his stomach complained again, and quickly changed into the new clothes that Tonks had brought him two days previous. Before leaving the room however, he sat on the edge of his bed and just looked at her. He couldn't help but blush a little; he had never seen her like this before, and he had to wonder if it was her true form, and that perhaps he was the only one to have seen her in such a way for quite some time.

He felt like reaching out and brushing a stray strand of hair from her forehead, but caught himself before he did. You're fifteen Potter, if Padfoot was here he'd be calling you a reverse cougar. He groaned at the thought, and the carving in the ceiling seemed to smirk knowingly back at him. "Shut up Sirius." He pulled himself back up and walked over to the door before wandlessly removing the locking

charm and closing it quietly behind him. He heard the TV blaring downstairs, and groaned once again; he had really been hoping that they would be out of the house.

He crept down the stairs, but cringed when he heard an angered shriek from the kitchen. He took a deep breath and continued onwards towards the owner of said scream, knowing that he would have to resort to magic to actually manage to get himself and Tonks some food. He looked at the fuming Petunia as he approached, and sighed when she began yelling; her face nearly matching Vernon's when they had been driving home after picking him up from King Cross station. "YOU BASTARD FREAK!" Harry raised his eyebrows at this, for her to be this angry Vernon must have had to get his arm amputated; no surprises there really, he had pretty much crushed the bones in his arm to dust. "WE TAKE YOU IN AND THIS IS WHAT YOU GIVE US?" The dangerous look in Harry's eyes should have shut the irate woman up, but she was too angry to pay any attention to his expression. "YOU GODDAMN ORPHAN FREAK, AND YOUR SLUT FREAK CAN GET OUT OF MY HOUSE RIGHT NOW!"

She had crossed the line in calling Tonks a slut. She found herself encased in a full bodybind and a silencing spell without a single movement from Harry, but when she finally realized her predicament, and Dudley had ran screaming out the door when he realized that Harry was using 'freak power', she actually paid attention to the wizard in front of her. She wished she had done so earlier. The magic was literally pouring off him in waves, almost suffocating in its intensity, and the room felt as if it had dropped to at least freezing point. His eyes however, scared her far, far more than magic ever could. "You gave me nothing except pain and animosity, and you dare insult Tonks?" He took a step towards the terrified woman. "Your oaf of a husband tried to kill the woman who helped me out of my depression."

At her surprised look he glared, forcing the terror to return. "I don't think she realizes just how much she helped me; just by genuinely caring about me she opened my eyes." He was now one step away from the woman who had hurt him for his entire life, and his eyes told her just how much he wanted to kill her right there and then. "I don't know what I think of her as, but it's sure as hell more than just a friend; hell, even Ron and Hermione haven't contacted me – although I believe that the latter has at least tried; it'll be the

meddling of a certain bastard headmaster that would've put an end to that however."

He saw her mind whizzing along at a million miles an hour, and watched as she had a light bulb moment. The raven-haired wizard in front of her cut her triumph short however. "Ah, you've picked up on the fact that I've used magic." He saw her eyes go wide, and he sent her a feral grin. "I read a book on legilimency, which essentially means that I'm reading your mind as of twenty seconds ago." He saw the terror in her eyes multiply tenfold as she comprehended his words, and he felt himself get pushed out of her mind. He frowned to himself when he was expelled from her thoughts, but shrugged and smiled as he walked around her and begun to cook himself and Tonks breakfast. "Considering that I only looked over the chapter once I'm actually tickled pink that I managed to penetrate your mind at all."

She looked at him moving around the kitchen in shock; he was a completely different person. Admittedly, he still looked thin and weak, but the position she was in, and his attitude belied the changes in the raven-haired wizard. Gone was the submissive boy, no longer did he stand down and 'take it'; he was fighting back, and soon everybody would know just how wrong they had been about the Boy-Who-Lived. After ten minutes of silence, save for Harry's whistling, he placed the last piece of bacon on the second plate and waved his hand, causing them to follow after him as he exited the kitchen. Just before he made his way back up the stairs however, he turned his head slightly. "Nobody can actually tell if magic is used in this house by the way; I set up the wards myself from a book I plucked from the restricted section at Hogwarts. Your paralysis should last for another two or three hours – enjoy being powerless."

And with that, Harry Potter turned around and continued his journey back up the stairs feeling quite content at the happenings of the morning so far. He quietly opened his door once again, and smiled when he saw the sleeping woman still by his bedside. Deciding to have a little fun, Harry placed his meal on the table by the couch and walked over to the black-haired woman before waving the filled plate under her nose. He saw it twitch slightly, and his grin widened as her head unconsciously leant towards the smell. Slowly her eyes flitted open, and he nearly deposited the entire contents of the plate on her lap when he saw her deep red irises. They quickly changed however, and her body rapidly went through a morph that left her as he had

seen her before she fell asleep. It seemed to be an unconscious action, because when he eyes finally snapped open she looked at the plate with an immediate expression of hunger. Harry laughed, and she finally realized that he was standing beside her, holding the plate under her nose.

She was about to berate him when she caught sight of his grinning face, and the words died in her throat. His eyes were glowing with the old warmth that she remembered; his face was clean, and he no longer had the heavy black bags under his eyes. She felt herself blushing at their closeness, but suppressed it with her abilities. She took the plate from him, and smiled. "Thanks Harry."

He smiled back. "No problem Nymphadora." It was when he had walked back over to the couch to eat his own meal that he realized exactly what he had said, and he cringed, waiting for the inevitable outburst. It never came. He cautiously peeked back at the now-pink-haired auror, and saw her sitting with an expression he couldn't place on her soft features. After a moment he began to worry, and snapped his fingers to get her attention. When that didn't work, he put down his fork, finished chewing his bacon – which he had to admit was bloody good – and yelled across the room. "TONKS!" His yell got her attention, and her head snapped to face him. He smiled at her and pointed to a chair across from him. It was when she sunk into the soft leather that she realized that it wasn't her that had conjured it.

She looked warily across at Harry, and he smiled sheepishly back at her as he chewed on one of his eggs. She finished her own mouthful before speaking. "Harry, what the hell is going on? First I come to this house and see you use wandless magic to break your uncle's arm, then I realize that you look like you'd been to hell and back...twice, and now you're conjuring stuff wandlessly as well?"

He looked uncomfortable, and shrugged in what he hoped was an innocent manner. "How do you know I conjured the chair wandlessly?" Her finger pointing at his wand by his bedside table answered that question, and he chuckled uneasily. "Ah, right." He looked at her for a few moments before asking a question of his own. "Tonks, do you trust me?" She was taken aback by both the question, and the seriousness of it. She nodded in the affirmative, and he nodded to himself before posing another question to her.

"Are you an Occlumens?" She nodded once again, and he frowned. "Could your mental shields withstand Dumbledore?"

She had to think about that one, but eventually nodded. Her temper had calmed, and she looked at the young wizard pleadingly. "Please Harry, you can trust me."

He sat in thought for a moment, surprising her when he spoke unexpectedly. "I don't know why you've affected me like you have; first you haul my arse right out of a five day depression by just speaking, and saying that you had come to visit me; then I trust you with my journal on the manipulative bastard Dumbledore; and now I'm about to tell you what nobody else in the world save for me and Dumbles know." He looked into her shocked eyes, and banished both their breakfasts to the kitchen – causing a shrill yell to come from the apparently recently-returned Dudley Dursley. With a wave of his hand, Tonks felt the tingle of advanced wards activating – and noted that quite a few of them were highly illegal – due to the fact that the Ministry couldn't trace anything through them. Harry noticed the apprehension on her face, and smiled reassuringly – instantly easing her nerves.

He sat back in his chair and smiled. "So, what do you want to know?"

The next few hours felt like a blur, but the answering of questions came to an abrupt halt when Harry leapt to his feet and immediately activated three of the wards. Tonks felt the rush of magic flow through her, and her eyes widened as she was treated to perhaps one of the most incredible displays of magic that she had ever seen; Harry inadvertently answering one of her questions – just how powerful he was. In an instant the room had shrunk once again, the bed had reverted to its disgusting state, Harry was dressed in the same stinking clothes he had been when she had arrived, and the room had waves upon waves of colours running over the walls as dormant wards were suddenly activated on command of the young wizard. He grabbed her hand, and she saw her fingers pass right through the clothes on his forearm as she grasped it to stop herself from stumbling. She breathed a sigh of disbelief and awe; it was all an illusion.

He hurriedly pushed her through the wall behind his bed; and it only resisted him for a moment before allowing Tonks into the extended

part of the room that she had created two nights ago. Harry took a step back and nodded in satisfaction before running to the door and placing his hand on its surface; scrubbing the entire room of her presence. He turned back to her and looked directly into her eyes – it was at that moment that she realized that he could see through his illusions. "Dumbledore is here, and I need you to be completely silent – I still haven't managed to get the silence wards around my illusions right." He ran to his bed and closed his eyes, before forcing tears down his cheeks – but his grin told her that he was beginning to heal from the wound of her cousin's murder. The smile faded and he cracked open an eye. "He just entered the main door. No matter what happens DO NOT expose yourself."

He saw her about to protest and held up a hand. "Trust the wizard that just made his room look like a fireworks show Nymphadora." She noticed his cheeky smile and felt a flood of warmth flood through her – but she nodded eagerly, surprising him with her lack of reaction to his use of her first name. He closed his eyes again and let his arm fall to his side, and Auror Nymphadora Tonks sat down in the chair that Harry had conjured earlier to watch the show. She hurriedly put a silencing spell on herself, and not a moment too soon, as Dumbledore cracked open the door just as the word "Silenco" left her lips. She watched as the white-haired man crept into the room and closed the door behind him – and then cast a diagnostic charm at the wizard on the bed. Tonks was astonished when it came back as unconscious.

Dumbledore however, seemed to relax immensely at the prognosis of the raven-haired teen, and begun a barrage of spells over the room. Tonks was glad for once that she had paid attention during the less practical side of Auror training. She saw compulsion charms by the dozen, a number of diagnostic spells that came back, to her amazement, as normal, and lastly, to her expectation and complete and utter disgust, several incredibly dark spells into the walls. She felt a wave of hate for Harry wash over her, but pushed it back with her Occlumency shields; livid at the feeling of the dark magic affecting her views on Harry. She looked over at the raven-haired wizard and felt a wave of worry as the Headmaster turned to him, but she held herself back – not wanting to break her promise to him. The next words from the man's mouth made her want to stun him right there and then. "Ligilimens!" She watched, disgusted and mortified as the man she had seen as the master of the Light until two nights ago mind raped Harry Potter. She could feel the

manipulative thoughts being pushed across the link, and shivered; hoping with all her being that Harry was safe.

Eventually Dumbledore's eyes opened, and he sneered at what he took to be the sleeping form of Harry Potter, saying "Mischief managed," before popping out of existence. There was a silence in the room for several minutes, and Tonks was forcing herself to hold herself in check. It was another two painstakingly slow minutes until Harry opened his pure green eyes. He turned his head, and she waited with baited breath for him to speak. "Well, that was enlightening."

His joking voice and mile-wide grin had Tonks damn near on the floor in relief, and she rushed over to him, leaping through the illusion and pulling him to her in a hug. It was a very shocked Harry that wrapped his arms around the shaking woman, and a very worried Harry when he felt the wet tears on the top of his head. He looked up and found the Auror who he had always seen as happy and upbeat, crying. He did the only thing he thought was right, and pulled her closer to him, whispering up into her ear that he was fine, and that nothing had happened. It was after an entire minute that Harry could ignore it no longer; he was a teenage male, and no matter how much he didn't act like one, his body was an exception. He had a woman pressing herself against him, and it didn't matter that she was crying; she was still – in Harry's mind at least – very beautiful, very caring, very trustworthy, and very feminine – he could tell; one of the main features of a woman was pressed firmly against his collarbone.

He carefully extracted himself from her arms, and turned quickly, hoping that she wouldn't catch sight of the slight tent in the pants she had brought him. He had no such luck, but was at least spared the look of surprise, and the blush that appeared on her features a moment later. He walked over to the window and took a few deep breaths to calm himself, before waving his hand and reverting the illusion wards back to their dormant state. He could feel their reluctance to do so, and made a mental note to redraw the runes in the next couple of days. The last thing he was expecting to happen however, was for a pair of arms to wrap around his front, and her head to rest on the top of his head, and he stiffened at the contact. "I was worried Harry; I was afraid that he was going to take the person that you were away." Harry relaxed, and felt his heart skip a beat at her gentle, caring tone.

Without moving he watched Mad-Eye Moody talking to Dumbledore across the road, and answered – his tone warm and comforting. "I'm sorry, I would've explained the wards but time was against us; suffice to say that he saw what he wanted to see, and nothing else."

"Why did you lie still then?"

He turned around, breaking the embrace, and smiled before leading her over to her chair. Once she had gotten comfortable, he vacated the couch and lay down with his feet on the armrest. "Two reasons; I had to make sure he had left. The wards told me that he was gone, but I know not to underestimate opponents – and he is most certainly an enemy who I don't want to know about who I am and what I really know this early in the game; I'm not good enough yet."

Her mouth hung open. "B-but he didn't notice the illusion!"

"Because he wasn't looking for one; he has been keeping me undertrained so that I die at Voldemort's hand." He noted happily that she didn't flinch at the name, and continued explaining. "He doesn't think I could properly cast a proper transfiguration spell, let alone erect wards – he didn't even bother looking." He tapped his head. "Same for my Occlumency shields; he thinks that I have exactly nothing in that field; no thanks to Snape I assure you, and that allowed me to hide myself away in my mind while he made changes to what he thought was the real me. I did however, have to get rid of his manipulations in my fabricated mind, or else they would have merged with my real one when I came back."

Tonks had her mouth nearly hitting the floor at this point, but Harry smiled, thinking that she looked quite cute. "As to why I said 'that was enlightening', I'll tell you what I found out. I am madly in love with Ginny Weasley, and will ask her to marry me in the next six months; Ron is most definitely my best mate; Sirius hates me, and blames me for his death; I trust the manipulative bastard more than myself; and I am to happily do whatever his bidding is – right down to sucking his–"

"THAT BASTARD!" She roared, and Harry smiled as the rage dissipated immediately after he placed a hand lightly on her arm.

"I assure you Nymphadora that I know exactly what the old bastard is up to, and that he is not getting away scot-free." She calmed even more, and Harry gave her a small squeeze before returning to his seat, not missing the blush on her features – but that was something to think about at a later point. He'd already made a note to think about his feelings towards the attractive witch, and the blush, along with the feelings it brought forth in him, was just another thing he'd have to consider when doing so. He shook himself mentally, and the smile dropped from his face as he admitted his weakness. "Unfortunately, although I'm already at, and in some cases past, NEWT level, even perhaps at Master's level, I simply don't have the experience or knowledge to beat him." He let his chin fall into his upturned hands, and grinned cheekily at her. "Of course, if you stayed here and trained me then I'm sure that would change."

He didn't expect the next two things to happen. First came the smile from the pretty Auror, which had him floundering straight off the bat, and then came the three words that had him falling off the couch in disbelief.

"I'd love to."

R&R if you have a moment!

Anyways, once again I hope you enjoy this chapter, and keep reviewing!

Madam Bones was a calm person. Being the Head of the DMLE, ex-Auror, and a woman, she considered herself to be a very level-headed person, and up until the morning of the 27th of June she hadn't raised her voice once since her induction into her current position. Tonks completely ruined that record.

"You're doing what?"

"I am resigning, Madam Bones."

The brown-haired woman looked across at the pink-haired Auror in shock; when she came to the Ministry today, she had most definitely not expected to be faced with this. "You can't resign!"

Tonks rummaged around in her pocket for a moment before producing a rolled up piece of parchment and handing it to her now-former superior. "I can, and I have. I have taken the liberty of signing all the forms needed, and have lodged my resignation with both the Ministry records and Gringotts. I am officially a normal citizen as of this moment."

Madam Bones gaped for a few moments before shouting at Tonks's retreating back. "Why?"

Without looking back, the pink-haired Auror smiled, and Amelia only just caught her words; words that had her pondering just what they meant for the rest of the day. "I found my purpose."

Tonks walked through the Ministry for the last time as an employee, and grinned when she thought of what she had given up. It had been two days since Harry had awoken and explained everything to her; sharing some of his deepest and darkest secrets with absolutely no hesitation whatsoever, and she had felt a flood of warmth when she realized just how much he trusted her. She had told him a lot as well, and had assured him that she wasn't doing so to repay him for his trust; she was doing it of her own free will because she trusted him.

She had told him of the constant abuse that she received in her job; for being a woman, for being a metamorph, and for being a half-

blood. She had been sexually harassed multiple times, and had only just managed to escape as she was about to be raped by Lucius Malfoy. He had damn near left the house to kill the slimy son of a bitch, but had calmed when he saw Tonks's pleading expression. They had comforted each other, helped each other begin their healing, and had become far closer in the process.

"You okay?"

She looked beside her and found a blonde-haired Harry standing to her right, his bangs covering his scar, and his green eyes being the only indication that he was the man who she trusted with her life. She smiled warmly down at him and nodded. "You have no idea how good it feels to be free of that place."

He smiled back at her, glad that she was happy, and passed her a small bag. When she saw just what it was, she blanched and begun stammering. "B-b-but th-this is-"

"A bottomless money bag?" He grinned up at her, and she blushed at the warmth in his eyes. "I know what it is Nymphadora, and it's the least I can do to repay you for leaving your job to train me."

"Harry I can't accept thi-"

"Don't think I'm giving you this for no reason, Tonks." She looked down at him, confused, and he grinned before it dulled into a warm smile. "You helped me out of a depression that would have killed me if it lasted for another three days, and then you trust me with some of your deepest fears and secrets. You then leave your job to help me train to beat the two dark lords." He took her hand in his, and continued walking – hoping that he wasn't being too forward. He felt a rush flow through him when she squeezed his hand, and she blushed as she continued down the street; drawing a few odd looks at their age difference. "You are going to want to buy things for yourself, and things to help with our training, and I have more than enough gold to last both of us a lifetime."

It took a moment for him to comprehend the full implications of his statement, and he blushed a deep red before averting his eyes – missing the look of complete astonishment and joy on Tonks's face. He relaxed when he felt her hand tighten on his own, and smiled to himself – wondering just what he did to deserve such a person in his

life. He paused outside of Madam Malkin's, and turned to Tonks with a small smile on his lips. "I froze all of Dumbledore's transactions from my vaults, and I am assured by Griphook that they will keep all transactions completely secret from the old coot. I need some new robes along with some armor, and then I'm going to head to the equipment shop to get a new wand holster that I heard about." He pointed to a shop over the other side of the road and grinned when he saw her wide-eyed expression. "And you are going to go into that shop, and you are going to buy yourself an entirely new wardrobe as well – disregarding cost entirely, and then you are going to go and buy whatever equipment you need for us to train, and then you are going to meet me back here in two hours."

With a grin that left nothing room for an argument, he turned away and walked into the tailors' shop. Tonks stood in the middle of Diagon Alley for three entire minutes before a wide grin spread over her face. He held my hand, and he gave me complete reign over all the gold in his vaults! She frowned however, and made a quick vow to herself before she entered the shop that Harry had ordered her to go to. I'm not some crazy fangirl who wants him for his money, I'll buy what I need – nothing more. Two hours later and Tonks was dressed in a body hugging shirt, a light blue robe, and a pair of jeans – and her pockets were filled to overflowing with shrunken training equipment. She looked around and spotted Harry coming towards her, a large smile on his face and looking...really, really good. Harry caught her blush, and blushed himself when he looked over her body. "See something you like Nymphadora?"

She could only nod, and she blushed an even darker shade of red when he took her hand in his own. She couldn't deny it any longer; their relationship had most definitely changed. He got on his toes and whispered into her ear. "You look great by the way." She smiled warmly down at him, and he looked up at her face, a slightly disgruntled look on his face. "I'm still pissed that you're taller than me."

She laughed, and some heads turned – some of the older women giving the young ex-auror scathing looks when they noticed her far younger companion, and the obvious intimacy they shared. Neither of them cared however, and Harry blushed embarrassedly at her laugh. She leant down and whispered in his ear, her laughter dead and her tone serious. "It's no wonder you're not taller Harry; you've been malnourished by those bastard Dursleys for years." She ran

her finger over the top of his hand and smiled at him before pulling him along to an apparition point. "I have a potion at home that should reverse the effects of your treatment over time." Harry nodded thankfully to her, and with a pop they disappeared from the Alley – leaving a number of scandalized purebloods in their wake. A moment later they appeared back in Harry's room, and he quickly checked the wards to make sure that only him and Tonks could apparate through them. Finding them in the state he left them, he smiled and turned to Tonks, who had brought the training equipment back to their normal sizes. He took note of the training dummies, and the crash mats, and grinned; now this is what it should've been like for the last few years.

Tonks turned to face him and smiled when she saw his excited expression. "See something you like?"

He chuckled and nodded his head. "One more than the rest though." She felt her heart flutter, but growled when he walked over to one of the dummies. "It's simply exquisite!" She clapped him over the head, and he ducked away laughing – which soon turned into a game of tag. Harry kept an eye on her footwork, and smiled when he noted her complete lack of clumsiness. "Looks like I'm not the only one to hide themselves Tonks!"

That caused her to trip up and fall in a heap on the ground, but Harry caught her head before it could connect with the floor – which brought their faces in very close proximity. Everything stilled as they looked into each other's eyes, but Harry pulled back after a moment and helped the woman to her feet. She didn't know why she felt so terrible at that moment, but she did – and she hid her face from Harry by turning her back on him. "Don't you like me?" He frowned, and looked at the back of her head. He was about to answer her when she spoke again. "I trusted you with everything; not even my mother knows half of the things I told you."

Harry did the one thing that he could; he wrapped his arms around her and hugged her from behind – smiling into the back of her shoulder. "Nymphadora, you should know me better than that. I held your hand today because I wanted to, and you have no idea how happy I was that someone accepted me for me, not the Boy-Who-Lived, not the Boy-Harry-Projects, but me, and that that someone was walking down the street hand in hand with me."

He turned her around and smiled warmly at her, his hand resting lightly on her arm. "I wanted to kiss you just then Tonks, and if the way you're acting is any indication, you wanted me to as well." Her blush confirmed his suspicions, and he cut off her protest with a finger against her lips – making her blush harder. "Let's talk about this now; I don't want us to be awkward around each other." He dragged her to the couch and sat down opposite her in the chair he had conjured four days ago.

"I'm eight years older than you!"

"And you act like a twenty year old, as do I – so I fail to see the problem."

She was taken aback by his answer, but quickly put forward her next concern. "I'm a member of the Order Harry; that will cause problems."

"As will you quitting being an Auror, but that didn't seem to bother you too much – besides, by being a member of the Order you can tell me what's going on."

She looked worried. "But what if Dumbledore finds out about us, he'll Obliviate both of us – and I don't want to lose you after finding out that we feel the same way!"

He smiled softly at her heartfelt comment, and leant over to rest a hand on her knee – and a moment later she placed her hand over his. "No he won't; that's what the next two months are for – you and me are going to train so that neither Voldemort or Dumbledore can do a thing about us, and so I can kick both their asses so that I can live a peaceful life."

"With me?"

He could tell that the question cost a lot of pride, and smiled back at her – squeezing her knee. "With you." She sighed in relief, and he pulled her over into his lap, causing a surprised squeak from the young witch. He laughed happily and she looked down at him, a confused look on her face. He soon sobered and looked up into her blue eyes. "I really did want to kiss you Nymphadora, but I know that this isn't the real you." She frowned, but her eyes cleared and she gasped when he explained. "I woke up on Wednesday and saw

you." Her mouth hung open, and she was about to interrupt when he continued, a loving look in his eyes. "You are beautiful Tonks. When I saw you for who you really were, I can easily say that you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

She was stunned at his answer, and stammered for a good few seconds before managing to force the words from her mouth. "Bu-but my eyes-"

"Are stunning, and the fact that they are red doesn't bother me in the least." She stammered for a few seconds, and he chuckled before nuzzling her shoulder with his cheek. "You seem to want to find something that will force me away from you – but I have some bad news; you are the only person I've ever trusted like this, or felt this way for, and I'm not letting you go." She felt a rush of warmth run through her, and she turned to him – morphing into her base form willingly for the first time in eighteen years. Harry's eyes softened as he watched the change, and Nymphadora's fears of non-acceptance were immediately dispelled when he gently captured her lips with his own.

Tonks couldn't help but moan in happiness when she felt his kiss, and she pressed further into him, but broke away after a minute before it could become too heated. Harry smiled knowingly at her, and nodded. "I don't want to rush this either Nymphadora; I know that you've been used in the past for your abilities and I know that it will take you a while to heal from those wounds before you feel comfortable continuing." He stroked her cheek, and he marveled at the softness of her skin as she closed her eyes and nuzzled to his touch. "I have wounds as well, as you know. I'm not comfortable in continuing further at the moment either; I need to get over the fact that a beautiful woman loves me for me, and not the Boy-Who-Lived."

She chuckled, and he gave her a gentle nudge to get her off his lap. She straightened her clothes, and he smiled when she retained her natural form. "So what now?"

He grinned and waved his hand, causing the room to quadruple in size, and several walls to sprout from the floor.

"You move in."

Oooooh! Cliff-hanger...sort of. Please review!

"Again Harry!" The curses continued flying towards him, and he threw up his hands to erect various shields to deflect the dangerous curses. He wasn't fast enough however, to block the darkest curse of the lot. "CRUCIO!"

He winced and waited for the horrific pain, but slowly cracked open an eye after two seconds had passed. He looked over at the black-haired witch and found her panting, with a small smile on her face. She nodded to him before collapsing onto the mountain of cushions in the corner of the training room. Harry wiped his brow and hazarded a glance to the clock on the wall. He was astonished when he found that they had been training for three hours, and he was only just starting to wear out. He conjured a chair and sat down – sighing happily as he sunk into the leather. He looked over at Tonks and met her ruby-red eyes with his emerald-green. "Why didn't the Cruciatus curse work?"

She lowered her head in embarrassment, and mumbled something incomprehensible – had Harry not cast a quick amplifying spell. "I don't hate you at all."

He banished the chair after a moment's thought, and walked over to where Tonks was lying before collapsing beside her – and taking her hand in his. He turned his head to meet her gaze, and leant forward to place a chaste kiss on her lips. She smiled and snuggled into his side, draping her arm across his chest and closing her eyes. He looked down at her and smiled before wrapping his arm tighter around her – causing her smile to soften slightly. After a moment, he grunted and pulled himself up, making sure not to disturb her too much. "Where are you going?"

He pointed to his damp armpits and laughed. "I don't want to gross you out – I'm going to have a shower and then I'll cook lunch so we can study shields a bit more for tomorrow." She nodded and smiled warmly at him as he exited the duelling room, and he couldn't help but grin as he walked through his room to the bathroom. She was the most beautiful, caring, loving, and trustworthy woman he had ever met, and she had chosen to be with him: the man who, according to prophesy, would murder, or be murdered. She had pretty much settled his fears of her thinking of him as a murderer the moment he had told her of the prophesy by snogging him senseless and telling him that she only respected him more for carrying the burden and not succumbing to the dark.

He stepped under the hot water and quickly washed himself before heading through to the kitchen and kissing Tonks's cheek as he headed towards the stove and begun heating up a pan. "So what did I do wrong?"

She flipped through a heavy book that she had snuck from Black Manor at the last Order meeting and pointed to a particular tactical diagram. "You need to get a sequence down that you can cast on autopilot; a sequence of shielding spells that flow together so that you can quickly establish a field to give you time." Harry nodded while cooking the chicken breasts and hummed to himself. Tonks knew that he was thinking hard, but it didn't ease the surprise when a moment later he held out both of his hands and several shimmering white shields immediately sprung into existence, separating the two of them. He grinned at her and motioned for her to begin her bombardment of the shields, and so she did. Harry finished their meal and turned around with the plates in hand when her curses finally made it through and whizzed past his ear. He didn't even flinch, and put her plate in front of her before sitting opposite and digging into the delicious meal.

After finishing their lunch in a comfortable silence, Harry quickly banished the dishes and smiled to Tonks. "Well, you know how we've been together for about four weeks?" She narrowed her eyes, but nodded all the same, and his smile softened to ease her nerves. "Well I'm getting to the point where I could hold my own against Dumbledore's early retaliations when he finds out what I've done – so I was wondering if you would go out on a date with me."

She breathed a sigh of relief, and smiled over at him – not so much taller now that he had been eating properly, and had taken the potion she had offered him. "I'd love to Harry, what did you have in mind?"

He looked up at the ceiling and thought for a moment before answering. "Well I know that although dinner and a movie would be nice, it just isn't good enough or exciting enough for either you or me." She nodded her head in agreement; she had been dying for a little action for the past four weeks – not that spending virtually all her time with Harry wasn't enjoyable, but she would always be an Auror in spirit. "So I was thinking that you and I could make a trip to Gringotts and talk to the Head Goblin about some matters that need

discussing regarding a certain headmaster." Tonks's eyes gleamed with mischief and Harry laughed at the feral grin that spread across her face. "And then I need to make a trip to Boffins Baggage to buy a rather...interesting trunk that I heard George talking about. After that I was thinking we could have dinner at Tony's Tavern."

She leapt over the table and tackled Harry to the ground, laughing happily. "It sounds great Harry, but are you sure you want me to come to Gringotts?"

He nodded in the affirmative and looked at the woman above him before giving her a wink. "Besides, I've got a wee surprise for you there as well – but no asking!"

Three hours later Harry and Tonks appeared outside the Leaky Cauldron and quickly rushed through the busy pub before anybody could recognise them. When they walked through the entrance to Diagon Alley however, they, or rather Harry, was immediately spotted by a large group of fan girls outside Madam Primpernelle's Beautifying Potions. Harry groaned when he heard them squeal, and watched them rush over to him. He would have been civil to them had they at least acknowledged Tonks's presence, but they did no such thing – and even had the audacity to try to pull him away from her. A quick repulsion charm took care of that problem, and the five teens were flung back several meters before landing painfully on their rumps. When they tried it again however, the entire alley was treated to a most incredible scene: Harry Potter yelling. "STOP RIGHT THERE!"

Everyone fell very quiet at that, and the advancing teens froze in their tracks. Harry took a calming breath before speaking once again. "Just because I'm famous doesn't meant that you have the right to assault me in the middle of the street – and it most certainly doesn't give you the right to split me up from somebody who I am obviously travelling with!" After giving the young teens another hard glare, he took Tonks's hand in his own and led her through the frozen throngs of people that were staring at the raven-haired wizard incredulously. He managed to get them safely inside Gringotts just as Rita Skeeter appeared at the end of the street, and the couple breathed a sigh of relief at having avoided their pictures being taken.

Harry didn't even need to walk up to one of the counters before he was addressed. Harry smiled down at Griphook with no small

measure of respect. "Goblin Griphook, it is good to see you again. May your vaults overflow with gold my friend."

Tonks was astonished at the familiarity which Harry addressed the goblin, but it was nothing compared to the surprise when the goblin spoke, and grabbed Harry's hand in a warm handshake. "It's great to see you again Harry, although I think I'll forego the customary greeting – your vaults are already overflowing."

Harry laughed and clapped the creature friendly on the shoulder. "Indeed Griphook – now the matters which bring me here today will require a meeting with the Head Goblin, do you think that could be arranged?"

"Of course Harry, follow me." With a turn on his heel, the goblin began walking quickly down a nearby hallway, and Harry and Tonks followed closely behind. Nymphadora was having a rather hard time comprehending just what was happening, and didn't hesitate to say so. "Harry, what is going on?"

Harry smiled at her and continued walking at a brisk pace. "I've been aware of Dumbledore's manipulations since the end of my third year at Hogwarts. Ever since that point I have been in close communication with Gringotts, and have had secret meetings with them since the beginning of my fourth year." He smiled ahead at the goblin leading them. "Griphook told me that he liked my wicked sense of humour, and the extensive thought that I had put into planning the downfall of both Dumbles and Voldie, and we immediately hit it off."

Tonks knew, and had admitted to herself that Harry Potter was smart – but she never quite comprehended just how smart. For a goblin to even speak civilly to a wizard was amazing, but to speak as if they had been friends for their entire lives was completely unheard of. She shook her head and chuckled before taking his hand in her own and following him out of the corridor, through a door, and into a comfortable meeting room. She followed her boyfriend's lead and bowed to the goblin at the head of the table, and stayed quiet as Harry spoke the formalities in fluent gobbledegook. After being motioned to sit down, the meeting came into session, and Harry immediately began explaining. "I would like to bring a matter of extreme consequence to your attention Head Goblin; there has been a breach of privacy and security at your bank."

The meeting continued for three hours and by the end of it every goblin, and in fact every magical person in the room, was fuming. The small but powerful goblin stepped from his chair and walked to Harry with an unreadable expression on his face. After a moment of standing in front of the black-haired youth, he nodded and held out his hand, which Harry gladly took. "We will help you with your plans Mr Potter; I had doubted the claims of Griphook when he told me of your slyness – but I now find my doubts unfounded." He let go of Harry's hand, and sent him a sharp-toothed grin. "We will be your allies Mr Potter; although we care about our gold more than a lot of things, we don't turn our back on family. By informing us of this lapse in protocol, your plans to deal with it, and the benefits for all involved save for Dumbledore, you have earned you the right to be accepted into the brethren of our race." Harry was gobsmacked, and the old goblin's grin widened more. "When you require our help, you need only ask." And without further ado, Griphook and perhaps the most powerful goblin in the world left Harry Potter and Nymphadora Tonks completely unattended.

Tonks was astounded, and turned to Harry, who was looking equally astonished. After a moment a small grin spread over his face, and he took Tonks's hand in his before leaving the room – walking slowly down the hall to test out his theory. Every goblin they passed, including the guards, gave them both a curt nod, and allowed them to continue on to the main foyer of Gringotts; which just solidified the gravity of the situation: they hadn't been kidding when they said that Harry was one of their brethren.

"Tonks?" She turned to face him and he smiled at her before quickly pecking her on the lips. "I think that Dumbledore is going to find out that his withdrawals from my vaults have been stopped, and so I see absolutely no point in making the shock any less than astounding." He rummaged around in his pocket and pulled out a key before handing it to Tonks, a small, trusting smile on his face.

She turned it over in her hand and frowned. "What is it?"

He grinned as he pushed the door to Gringotts open. "Just the key to my vaults."

Her protest was drowned out by the huge crowd that had gathered outside the doors since they had entered. Harry groaned, and saw

several warrior goblins step in to help him – but gave them a friendly shake of his head; it was time to begin unravelling the manipulations. When he saw Rita Skeeter in the back of the crowd he was sure that he would make the front page the next day, and he just wished that he could see Dumbledore's expression when he read the headline. He hugged Tonks to his side, which caused a gasp to run through the crowd, and several pictures to be taken, and then, with a quick twirl, disappeared from the stairs of Gringotts. The fact that they reappeared ten meters away outside a luggage shop, and quickly slipped inside, was hidden by the complete pandemonium outside the bank – and Harry laughed when he saw the Weasleys come around the corner; freezing in their tracks when they saw the huge crowd.

He was going to have to get them back later – if Tonks didn't beat him to it, which she was clearly planning on doing if her thunderous expression was anything to go by. He smiled at her and squeezed her hand – bringing her out of her glare to look at him, surprised. "Dumbledore will be screaming his head off at this, but there really isn't any solid proof that anything is wrong with his plan; chances are he'll think that you told me to hold on tight and then side-along apparated me away from the crowd." She failed to see what was so good about that, but mirrored his grin when he continued. "Which means that I'll be kidnapped to go to the Burrow in the next three days, and that means that both you and I will be able to get our revenge."

She blanched after a moment when she realized the implications, and looked worried. "You'll be going to the Burrow?" He nodded, and she lowered her eyes. "Oh."

He smiled at her, knowing exactly why she was depressed, but he knew that it wouldn't last long. "Ah, Mr Potter!"

The couple turned as one to face the voice, and Harry's face split into a grin as he firmly shook hands with the shop owner. "It's just Harry, Mr Boffin."

The man smiled and leant on the counter after releasing his hand. "Well in that case it's just John, Harry." Harry nodded, and smiled when the white-haired wizard motioned him out the back. Tonks moved to follow, but he held her back – causing her to frown, and him to grin. She waited impatiently for Harry to reappear, and

eventually after nearly half an hour of waiting, her boyfriend finally stepped back through the curtain looking very pleased with himself – followed shortly after by the owner of the store who was tucking a rather official looking piece of paper into his breast pocket, a shit-eating grin on his face.

After they exited the shop, Tonks immediately attacked Harry. "Harry, what were you doing? What did you buy? What was that piece of pap-"

She was however, cut off when Harry – right in the middle of Diagon Alley – pressed his lips firmly to hers and buried his hand in her short, pink hair. All coherent thought went right out the window when he did that, and the raven-haired boy smirked into the kiss; he had hoped that that would stop her questions. After about a minute of passionate kissing, the couple slowly broke apart, and Tonks finally realized just how much attention they had brought to themselves. She gaped at the scandalized expressions on virtually every face present, and then whipped her head around to face her boyfriend, who was grinning madly.

"HARR-"

She didn't get time to finish her protest however, as Harry had seen a flash of red in his peripheral vision that could be one of two things; either a stunner, or a Weasley. When he had tilted his head slightly and saw not one, but several Weasleys staring at him, their mouths damn near hitting the pavement, and Molly's wand coming up, he decided to take the only logical course of action and disapparated. The pair landed with a thump a moment later and Tonks looked around – quickly deducting that they were lying on Harry's bed – but her thoughts quickly sunk into turmoil and she shot off the bed and sprinted from the room.

Harry had absolutely no idea what to make of her actions, but if the look of terror in her eyes had anything to do with it he would help her in any way he could. He jumped off the bed after a moment's collecting himself, and slowly walked through into the living room. What he saw there damn near broke his heart. Tonks had reverted to her base form, and had her head buried in her hands; her body shaking with sobs. Harry was more than a little taken aback, but forced his apprehension about past experiences with crying girls to the back of his mind; this wasn't them; this was his girlfriend. She

stiffened when she felt his hand come to rest on her shoulder, but quickly dissolved into sobs again – causing Harry to pull her to her feet and embrace her. She clung to his shirt and sobbed even harder; burying her head into his shoulder, while he gently rubbed her back and cooed softly into her ear.

He knew that she wouldn't be able to communicate with him in this state, and so used the next best option from words. He gently pushed into her consciousness, and her shields quickly recognized him before allowing him entrance into her thoughts. When he saw what the problem was he nearly cried in relief. He was rewatching the scene in the Alley, and could feel her emotions coursing over the link they shared. He felt the immense love she was pushing into their kiss, and then the horror when she saw the Weasleys over Harry's shoulder. He could feel her heart break when she saw Molly's wand come to bear; she knew that the red-haired woman would immediately bind them and take them to Dumbledore for 'reprogramming', and she simply couldn't stand the thought of them taking Harry and the memories she had with him away from her. She was afraid of losing him, and he quickly severed the link and pulled her tighter to him – allowing herself to pour out her emotions to calm herself. He didn't mind in the least that his shirt was soaked, or that her nails had scratched deeply through his clothes and into his chest – he only cared that she felt safe. When she looked up at him once the sobbing had stopped, his breath hitched in his throat. Her eyes were red and puffy from the crying; her nose was running; her lipstick was smeared; and she was the most beautiful thing that Harry had ever seen. He couldn't help himself, and he leant forward – pressing his lips firmly against hers, causing her to freeze, but then relax into the kiss and pour absolutely everything she felt for him into it; she wanted him to remember her after Dumbledore was finished with them.

Harry didn't even need to enter her mind to gather what she was thinking, and so hoped like absolute hell that what he was about to do wouldn't blow up in his face. Contrary to popular belief, which most certainly did not constitute the beliefs of the woman in his arms, Harry wasn't stupid. Of course it isn't exactly glaringly obvious; in fact it was damn near impossible to discover. Harry was a friend – no, a brother of the Goblin nation, he was impervious and aware of Dumbledore's manipulations, he was rich, and to quote Griphook a year ago verbatim, Harry "knows his shit."

As Dumbledore had been whistling happily whilst pilfering gold from Harry's trust vault, and not noticing that the gold immediately returned to said vault, Harry had slowly been working his way through all the other vaults he owned – most notably the Potter Family vault. The money was of absolutely no matter to Harry; he knew that he had enough to last him – and just him at that point – several extremely comfortable lifetimes, and then some. No, it was the items inside that interested him: the books of knowledge; the lightest of light magics, and the darkest of dark, books on occlumency, legilimency and battle magic. There were tomes on runes, wards, arithmancy, potions and animagi; there were books on things that the world of magic hadn't heard of for hundreds of years, possibly even millennia – books of magics so dauntingly powerful that time had deemed them worthy of disappearing. Thus, Harry had begun his training, in the process developing a maturity far beyond his years, magic beyond his millennia, and unity with other species never before seen in the history of the world.

He knew as soon as he had begun his tutelage under the Goblins that his knowledge and power could easily lead him towards the dark, and he admitted that he had been tempted once or twice – if only because of the actions of a certain white-haired old man. He knew that he never would commit such a moral crime however, and now he had been given another reason not to choose such a path; she was in his arms.

Slowly he pulled back from Tonks and smiled at her – quickly moving to his room and retrieving two small boxes he had found in his father's vault as she gathered herself and washed her face. He knew that he was taking a huge risk at even contemplating what he was about to do, but his mind was set. He walked into the living room once again, and waited for Tonks to emerge from the bathroom. When she did, the pain and horror in her eyes at the events that she thought would occur only served to cement his decision further. He motioned for her to sit opposite him, and he chuckled lightly at her confusion at his lack of worry. After calming himself however, Harry turned very, very serious. He looked deep into her crimson-red eyes and spoke.

"I less than one month you have done something that I considered impossible before you came here." He cut her off when she opened her mouth, and she quickly closed it when she saw the pleading expression in his eyes. "Let me finish, my legs are shaking as it is.

You made me fall in love Tonks." Her jaw dropped slightly, but he saw the absolute joy in her eyes; they had never said the words to one another – and here he was telling her that he loved her, and he smiled at her, knowing that there was so much more to come. "And not only did I fall in love with you, but you, somehow, found it in yourself to love me back." She nodded, and a tear slid down her cheek, but the happiness in her eyes belied the true nature of the tear. Her tears froze however, as did her breathing, when Harry placed two small velvet boxes on the table in front of her. She found her eyes locked onto them for but a moment, before her ruby orbs locked onto Harry's twinkling gaze.

He reached over and took her hands in his, a look in his eyes that she could not place, before speaking once again. "I. Love. You." Those three words alone were enough to have Tonks nearly in tears once again, but it was what he said afterwards that burst the dams. "I want to spend every single moment of my life from this moment forth with you, whether physically, spiritually, or mentally. I want to share everything with you; the good, the bad, the mundane. I want to die with you by my side so that we can go together into the next great adventure, and so that I can love you for an eternity."

She could only nod, and pull him forwards into a kiss to show him how she felt. Whereas the previous kiss was passionate and desperate, this one was one of complete acceptance – and neither of them had ever felt so at home. When they finally broke apart, and Harry pried open the black boxes, she understood immediately why he had been so serious. Inside were two rings, nearly identical, save for one being slightly slimmer and more elegant than the other, but it was the engravings that gave away their true meaning. Harry looked at her to see her reaction to his proposal, and followed her thoughts as she recalled the meaning, significance, and rarity of what she was being offered. Such rings hadn't been seen in over two thousand years, and the last pair to wear them had killed each other – such was their power. Tonks looked up at Harry, and took in everything at once. His eyes held worry, pain and hurt from his past, but they held so much more than that for her.

She slowly reached forward and slid the thicker ring from where it rested inside the case, before clutching it in her hand and holding it to her chest, and watching Harry's reaction. At first he was confused at hear taking the ring, but when she held it over her heart, and when he looked at the love that she held in her expression and eyes,

he couldn't help but let out his relieved sobs. He nodded to her, and clutched her remaining hand before bringing it to his lips and pressing a kiss to her knuckles. He had a brief thought at just how much Rita Skeeter would love to get a picture at the state of him, and the complete lack of 'manliness', but it disappeared as quickly as it had come – such a thought had no place in what was happening.

The understanding, acceptance and love he saw in her eyes proved to him that she knew what she was agreeing to, and he reached forward before taking the second ring for himself – the one that would reside on his finger for the rest of his life. It was without a single sound that the two stood, their fingers still intertwined, and moved to a room that they had steered clear of until that moment. They slowly undressed until they were just standing in their undergarments, both of them blushing at the newfound intimacy in their relationship, before they moved to the large bed and lay together. For a moment they lay apart, uncomfortable in the sudden leap in their physical revelations to one another – but Nymphadora sighed and relaxed into Harry's bare chest when he pulled her to him. She moulded herself to his body and looked up into his eyes as her hands rested on his chest.

It was with an unspoken understanding that they swapped rings and took each other's left hands in their right – the white bands resting at the end of their ring fingers, held their by their lover. With a nod, Harry slid the ring onto her finger, and Tonks mirrored the actions for him. Once the act was done she felt his arms wrap lovingly around her back, and she repeated the gesture. He leant down as his eyes begun to droop, the ritual having already started, and whispered softly into her ear. "I will love you no matter what happens Nymphadora."

Just as sleep was taking over her mind, she replied – and saw his loving smile before her eyes closed. "I love you so much Harry."

A/N: Wow; I am on fire with updating this story, I mean really! Must be the awesome reviews you guys all leave...*hint hint* ;-D

From now on the updates will be a tad slower, at least until around the 15th of April when I have the school holidays - I am finding myself inundated with deadlines at the moment, so, and no offence, school work at this point in my life is more important than here...however I might find it in myself to pop out a chapter quicker if, as I said above, the reviews keep coming; the happier I am, the more I write, and I can keep my ten chapter buffer going so I don't feel the pressure too bad.

Anyways, I really hope you enjoy this chapter; this is where the fun begins!

Harry slowly opened his eyes, and his eyes quickly adjusted to the dark room – and he smiled at the woman beside him; her arms wrapped around his back and her breathing even and slow. He gently tucked a stray tendril of black hair from her sleeping face and sunk back into the mattress before pulling his occlumency lessons to bear and assimilating all the new memories he had received over their bond. He found the entire experience completely different from how it had been explained in his heavy tomes; it had said that the memories were like a flood, and that the merging of his memories with his lovers would be almost as painful as the Cruciatus curse. He smiled and rested his chin against the top of Tonks's head; he'd have to write his own book at this rate.

Contrary to the painful process he had been expecting, the memories slowly and calmly moved to align themselves with his own, until they went further back than when he was born, and then he was left only with Tonks's life. After an hour of meditation he reopened his eyes, and froze when he met the gaze of two crimson orbs. He saw the tears leaking from her eyes, and his heart plummeted – this was what he had been dreading; the moment that she would awaken and be fully aware of every memory in his horrible life – the moment where she would begin to hate him. He desperately searched her eyes for the revulsion in her gaze; any indication that she was going to reject him for who he truly was. A moment later she buried her head in his chest and begun sobbing. He felt guilty that he was feeling relief at her sobs, and she chuckled into his chest as his emotion flared across their bond.

After a long moment of stillness she raised her head and looked at him, almost as if seeing him for the first time – and in a way she was; she now knew everything there was to know about the man in front of her, and vice versa. "I would never leave you Harry."

He nodded, and smiled down at her. "I wouldn't leave you either, but I was a little worried." She nodded her understanding and rested her head against one of the pillows – leaving her hands resting lightly on his chest before pressing herself against him when he mirrored her actions. He could feel her soft, pale skin against his own, but felt only love for the woman beside him – now wasn't the time for lust. There was a comfortable silence between them, or at least what would appear to be a silence to any mortal. Over their newly created bond however, they could feel the flood of emotion between each other, and they both smiled at the solid love that they knew the other held for them. Tonks was just beginning to drift off to sleep when Harry spoke. "I would never use you like that Tonks, never."

She knew what he was talking about almost immediately, and the memory forced a shiver down her spine. She had been cornered just after taking the Auror exams, and had been forced to change into a muggle supermodel while they groped her – else they told her that they would rape her. "I know you wouldn't Harry – but if you want to, I'm oka—" She felt a rush of emotion wash over her, and smiled happily up at him. "But you only want me."

He returned the smile and pressed his lips to hers in a slow kiss – and she moved her hands to the back of his head to deepen the kiss. It was as if nothing else existed, at least until Hedwig tapped on the window. Tonks groaned in disappointment, and Harry laughed. He pulled himself off the bed and padded across the carpet to the window, before sliding the glass aside and allowing the white owl to step inside. Hedwig held out her leg to Harry, and he carefully untied the letter as the white bird peered at Tonks over his shoulder. Harry followed the bird's gaze and smiled before looking his old friend right in the eyes. "She's my wife."

Hedwig's eyes bugged out slightly, and Harry cackled with laughter before returning to the bed, letter in hand. "I'm sure the Weasleys will be kidnapping me Hedwig, so you can go and sleep in the lounge." He waved his hand vaguely as he rejoined the black-haired woman and pulled her to his side. He grinned at the still-shocked

bird. "Your dinner is on the table Hedwig." It took a few moments for the bird to move, and she glided across the room and out the door while looking at the lovers the entire time. A moment later a thud was heard and Harry cracked up in laughter – Tonks joining in a moment later when she realized what had happened.

The white owl picked herself up off the floor with a shuffle of feathers, and the couple watched as she trudged, almost angrily, towards the kitchen. Harry closed the door with a wave of his hand and pecked Tonks on the forehead. "You know that your worries are unfounded now, right?" She nodded, and Harry smiled before looking down at the letter in his hand and frowning when he saw the telltale red colour. He waved his hand once again, and a series of symbols appeared on the surface of the howler. He had been wondering why his occlumency shields had been on the receiving end of a full-scale battle siege. Before he opened the letter however, he turned to his newly-wedded wife and smiled warmly at her. "I love you."

She sniffed suspiciously; forcing down the happy tears, before replying and laying her head on his chest. "I love you too."

And he opened the howler.

It immediately jumped from his hands and floated in the air – and he quickly placed a sound dampening charm on it – not a moment too soon either, as a moment later an ear-piercing shriek echoed out in the room. "HARRY!" Both of them winced at the tone, and watched as the envelope seemed to puff in anger for a few moments. When it spoke again Harry nearly groaned. "Harry, we're coming to get you to bring you to the burrow – that scarlet woman has poisoned you!"

"Which is why our memories and magic merged seamlessly, and why we still love each other – thanks Molly." Tonks snickered and kissed the man above her.

"Arthur has the antidote of Amortentia right here – pack your bags Harry, we'll be there at eight o'clock!"

And with those last words, the letter shredded itself in midair and dropped to the bedspread. Harry banished the pieces of paper and shook his head. "I really hate howlers." Tonks giggled, and he winked at her before checking the time. It was nearly three in the morning, and Harry smiled as he quickly banished every single item

in the room with a wave of his hand...including the bed. He caught Tonks before she fell however, and he smiled warmly down at her – held in his arms – which inadvertently caused her to blush. He pulled her gown from the air and wrapped it around her shoulders before kissing her cheek and walking from the room. She frowned at this, and tried to see what he was up to over their bond – but found herself not pushed out, but rather pleaded to not pry. She knew that she could enter his mind and find out what he was doing in an instant – such was the power of their bond, but she nodded to herself and smiled at him while leaning against the doorway.

She saw his shoulders sink in relief, and continued around the various rooms in the house – banishing all the furniture that they had purchased over the month they had lived there together. She, in all honesty, had absolutely no idea what he was doing – but she grinned when she felt the glee across their bond when a hard thumping came from the wall where the door used to be. He waved his hand, and the door reappeared, and in stumbled Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley Dursley. They froze in place when they saw the huge space inside, and Harry stood in front of them – a smirk on his lips, and his arms crossed. His smirk left his face and was replaced by a shit-eating grin however, when he noted the lack of a right arm on his uncle – apparently, his assumptions about the amputation had been correct. It was when Dudley caught sight of the beautiful, dressed-only-in-a-nightgown blonde-haired Tonks that the crap really hit the blasting hex.

The events that followed made Tonks wonder just how stupid some people could truly be. "Mum, why does Harry get a girl in his room and I don't?" Harry slapped his palm against his forehead with a groan; here they were, standing in a room nearly as big as their entire house, with him looking three years older thanks to the nutrient potions, and all Dudley could think about is that. He hazarded a glance between his fingers, and saw Vernon – his face slowly turning to a fascinating shade of purple, and Petunia snapping out from the shock before turning angrily to Harry – a authority-filled expression on her face. He sincerely hoped she wasn't going to say what he thought she was. "Harry, you will give that girl to Dudley right this instant!"

She had.

Tonks's jaw dropped slightly, and Harry gritted his teeth at the sheer audacity of the woman before him. The only thing that was stopping Tonks from ripping their throats out was the anger flowing over their bond, and so she slowly stepped forward. Harry could see Dudley's greed grow as his wife padded barefoot towards him – and Petunia looked positively gleeful. Their moment of happiness however, was cut abruptly short when Nymphadora stopped by Harry's side, and wrapped her arm around his waist before leaning her head against Harry's chest. The message was very clear; she had absolutely no intention of moving from where she was at that moment.

"BOY!" Spittle flew from Vernon's mouth, and Harry discreetly blocked it with an invisible shielding charm, watching his uncle rage in front of him. "YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE SHIT!" He stepped towards Harry and growled lowly. "You will give Dudley your little slut right now, or else!" When neither of them moved, and he caught sight of their amused expressions, his hand sprung out to grab Tonks. Wrong move.

Harry didn't even use magic. He twisted so that Tonks was behind him, and then used his uncle's momentum to throw the puce-faced bastard right into the wall – the plaster cracking and falling onto his head. Harry returned to the stance he had been in before the throw, and Tonks joyfully returned to her rightful place at his side. Petunia looked positively scandalized, but caught sight of the murderous intent in Nymphadora's eyes. Harry could feel it over the bond as well, and leant down to whisper in her ear. "You know exactly what they did to me love, but we're not like them, okay?"

After a moment she calmed, and the intent died from her glare – but the hateful emotions were still there. Harry turned back to the three shocked Dursleys – one who was still on the floor recovering from his recent ordeal, and growled. "You come into my room, order me to give you my wife–"

"YOU LYING FREAK!"

Harry lifted his hand to show them the ring, and their protests immediately caught in their throats when Tonks did the same; a mile-wide grin on her face. "I assure you that I am not lying Petunia, in fact by trying to assault my wife, as the head of the Noble and Ancient house of Potter and Black, I am well within my rights to kill Vernon this instant – without any wayward repercussions."

He took a step towards the group, and they stepped back over the threshold of the room in fear. "Now, I will be leaving you all at precisely eight o'clock – and I will never come back. You will stay in your rooms until ten o'clock, and pretend as if this never happened, am I understood?"

They all nodded, if only for fear of being murdered, and rightfully so, before Harry grinned at them before waving his hand. They all jumped when they felt a wave of cold rush through them, and Harry said just two words before slamming the door shut in their faces. "Enjoy infertility."

Harry sighed in relief when the door faded away, and smiled when a pair of arms wrapped around his front. "Thank you for defending me."

He turned around and kissed her lovingly on the lips – wanting to go further but knowing that now wasn't the time. "You could've kicked their arses without me so much as lifting my finger, but you're more than welcome." He released her with one last, lingering kiss, and then turned to the lounge before banishing all the furniture once again. He moved his hands in a complex pattern, and Tonks watched in amazement as a web of complex runes glowed around the room, before disappearing into nothingness, and causing everything to come rushing inwards until all that was left was the small, cramped room that she had seen at the beginning of her stay – with the addition of Harry's new, mysterious trunk at the foot of the bed.

He nodded his satisfaction, and then turned to her, his expression making her legs weak. Oh if Kingsley Shacklebolt saw her now...

He took her hand in his and smiled down at her. "Close your eyes." She did, without hesitation, and allowed herself to be led to the foot of his bed – before frowning when she found herself walking down some stairs. It was a minute later that they reached level ground, and Harry finally spoke. "Okay, you can open your eyes now."

She did, and her jaw slackened. It was their apartment, just as they had left it moments before. She spun around to look back up the stairs that they had come from, and could see the roof of Harry's room in the far distance. She rushed over to the window, and

gasped when she saw the peaceful meadow outside; a small brook bubbling in the distance and the moonlight reflecting off the water. She turned back to Harry with a shocked expression, and he joined her by the window with a loving smile at her. "I meant what I said Nymph; I never want to be far from you." He pointed to the door on the other side of the lounge, and smiled warmly down at her. "The meadow outside is real; this is our home, this is where I want to live with you." She felt a tear run down her cheek, and she sobbed once before nodding at him and pressing a kiss to his lips.

It soon begun to evolve into something that they both wanted, but Harry stopped her – a regretful look on his face. "We can't – not now." She cocked her head to the side and frowned, and he pulled her to his side with a small chuckle. "The Weasleys, love; they'll be here in just over four hours, and if I was to make love to you then I'll want at least an entire night." They both blushed, but Harry smiled down at her all the same. "I want our first time to be special."

She nodded in reluctant agreement, and he laughed happily. "Trust me, I'd love to do it right now, and in the future I'd say we just won't be able to help ourselves, but this is us. I want the first time to be everything that we want it to be – not some quickie on the couch because we can't control ourselves."

"I know Harry, I- I just want you to be with me now." She snuggled into his chest, and smiled when his chin came to rest on the top of her head – apparently the bonding rectified his malnutrition completely. "Bloody Weasleys."

He chuckled, and smiled warmly when he felt her entire length pressed up against him. "I know, I know." Eventually they had to break apart, and Harry took a long look at the meadow outside before smiling down at her. "I'll come back down here tonight once I've 'gone to bed'."

She nodded and leant up to kiss him sweetly. "I love you Harry, now more than ever."

He had to force himself back up the stairs after she said that, but not before giving her a kiss that left them both gasping for breath. He closed the lid of the trunk and sat on his bed in wonder – everything seeming to hit him at once. He fell back on the dirty sheets, making sure to place a shield between him and the filth; not wanting to ruin

the clothes that Tonks had bought him, and stared at Sirius with a grin on his face. "In just one month I had achieved and gained so much Sirius; I've found the love of my life, I've increased my skills tenfold, I've deceived Dumbledore, I've begun making friends with other species, and tonight I am going to make love to my wife." He thought he saw Sirius smile at him – although in a slightly lecherous manner. "You'd be proud Sirius."

It was just as Harry finished speaking that his door burst open, and Molly rushed in as if the devil himself was on her heels. There was no time for surprise, because Harry had sensed their intrusion seconds before, or talking before a potion was down his throat. Harry immediately dissected the potion in his head, and found it to be the cure for Amortentia. He almost frowned, but ahh'ed internally when the next potion was forced down his throat. There's the love potion from Ginny. He communicated with his ring, and had a feeling, almost like a reassuring pat on his back as it neutralized the poison before it even reached his stomach.

And then came the bone-crushing hug. He quickly raised a kinetic shield so that she didn't crack his ribs like last time, and tried as best he could to smile into her over her shoulder at the assembled group of Weasleys. He noted with interest however, that the twins were glaring at the woman who was currently hugging him – and he smiled internally; apparently he did have some friends. He, in all honesty, couldn't be bothered peering into anybody's mind at that moment, and so waited for the Weasley matriarch to pull back before allowing a horrified expression to flit over his face. "Tonks..." He saw the twins wince, but then watched as their jaws dropped when he surreptitiously winked at them. "Ohmigod I kissed Tonks!" He was almost tempted to let a grin spread across his face to see the reaction of all those present – but it simply wasn't worth the trouble it would bring.

Molly grabbed his face, and he was happy once again for the full-body shield, before virtually yelling at him. A wandless, non-verbal sound dampening charm took care of the ringing in his ears that would have ensued. "NO HARRY, YOU WERE POISONED! THAT BITCH!"

Harry gritted his teeth and had to force himself not to blast the treacherous woman through the wall when she said that; how dare she insult Tonks like that, the hypocritical cow. He found himself

dragged from his room while Ron took his trunk, and once they were outside his hand was forced onto an old sock. Harry sighed when he felt the familiar tug of the portkey, and prepared himself for reappearance at the burrow. While the others wobbled on their feet, and Ron found out just how painful it was to have a fully loaded trunk fall on his face, Harry deftly touched down on the ground before brushing himself off from the cloud of dust that the others had stirred up.

The twins were the only ones observant enough to see his flawless landing, and he grinned at them before marshaling his face into one of a deep depression. The fact that he was wearing very nice clothes ruined the effect that Tonks had been subject to at the beginning of the summer, but Harry had decided that nothing was worth the smell, feel, or humiliation of wearing those rags ever again. He was quickly hustled inside, and he played the act of the shocked, betrayed, useless little boy – although he could hardly be called little now. The amazed, awe-filled looks he was receiving from the twins suggested that his act was superb – and he grinned to himself before allowing himself to be forced into a seat at the table with Ginny sitting opposite a moment later. He groaned despite himself at the skimpy pyjama top she was wearing; and the fact that one of her nipples was damn near hanging out due to the top four buttons being undone.

Ron had disappeared upstairs, Molly was in the kitchen, he assumed to fix him breakfast, Arthur had disappeared out to his shed, and the twins were sitting either side of Harry, and so caught his breathy, annoyed sigh of "fucking hell."

He wanted to scream at the coy look the youngest Weasley was sending him, and in all actuality was tempted to throw his knife at her when he touched it only to find a strong compulsion charm in place – suggesting quite forcefully that he should take her upstairs and shag her senseless. He dispelled the charm with a mere thought, and refrained from strangling Molly when she came in and placed the huge plate of food in front of him.

He had just downed three sausages – liberally laced with Ginny-essenced Amortentia of course, before said redhead leant over – causing one of her breasts to actually fall out, much to the disgust of the twins and Harry, and begun talking to him. "So Harry, Tonks gave you a love potion – what a whore."

I'll fucking strangle you Ginny! "Yeah, I guess she did."

She smiled lecherously at him, and he felt the two twins silently gagging against his sides. "But now that you're free of her potion..." She left the end of the question hanging, and Harry simply couldn't take it anymore.

"She was a great kisser though." Three things happened at that moment; both George and Fred spat out their pumpkin juice in laughter, Ginny looked as if a broom handle had been shoved somewhere rather unpleasant, and Molly emptied the entire vial of Amortentia rather than just the three drops into Harry's pumpkin juice, which she shoved in front of him a moment later. He sculled the beverage in an instant, and saw the two female Weasleys almost jump in glee. He felt his ring neutralize the potion while it was in his mouth, and so thoroughly enjoyed the thirst-quenching drink. For the second time that morning however, the twins sprayed identical fountains of juice from their mouths – and much to his glee all over Ginny, when he allowed the ring to become visible to them, and them only.

Molly saw the whole exchange – save for the ring of course – and glared at the twins as they fell about laughing of the floor. A moment later the fury of the Weasley Matriarch was felt throughout the Burrow. "FRED, GEORGE, GET TO YOUR ROOMS NOW!"

Gasping for breath inbetween their continuous bouts of laughter, the twins managed to wheeze a "Fantastic to see you again," to Harry, before leaving the room – their uproarious laughter echoing through the house as they walked up the stairs.

The mood now well and truly ruined, Harry allowed a depressed expression to spread across his face once more before pushing his plate away and excusing himself to the room he was sharing with Ron. When he walked in, and activated his new magical contacts, he felt like smashing his head violently against a wall.

"Hey Harry mate, how are ya!"

The raven-haired wizard didn't even need to look inside his ex-friend's mind to see the lie and act, and so settled for an answer that he hoped would get him at least a few moments of peace. He apologised silently to his wife before speaking. "My godfather is dead, I just found out that my protector gave me a love potion, mouth raped me in the middle of Diagon Alley, and now I find out that I love your sister – I'm bloody great Ron, thanks for asking." And he fell on his bed before closing his eyes and meditating. He forced his magic into his contacts and looked through his eyelids to see Ron with his mouth agape, before a great big grin spread across his face and he pumped his hands silently in victory before sprinting from the room.

Harry opened his eyes and groaned when he caught sight of the compulsion charms on everything he owned; Arthur had been busy while he had been eating breakfast. He dispelled them all with a wave of his hand, and fell back onto the mattress. A moment later the twins poked their heads into the room and grinned at Harry before sitting on Ron's bed.

"Well Harry,"

"That ring is rather"

"Interesting."

He cracked open an eye and chuckled at their mirthful expressions. "Yeah, well what else was I supposed to do? I love her and I wanted to share everything."

"Well by the looks of it Harry"

"She hasn't killed you yet"

"Which means that you are the first"

"Couple to have not killed each other"

"When wearing those rings"

"For over four thousand years."

He smiled warmly at them and nodded, before frowning. "I trust that your mother put you under oath?"

Fred turned to George and pretended to start up a conversation with his brother. "Hey George, does two plus two equal four?"

"Yes Fred, it does."

Harry grinned at their way around the oath and posed his next question – but not before wandlessly setting up the most powerful privacy wards he could. "And you know that Dumbledore is involved in manipulating my entire life?"

The pair frowned angrily before George turned to Fred. "Am I gay?"

The answer from Fred was positively murderous. "No."

Harry nodded sadly. "Well he has, and I know all about it." He turned to them, a small smile on his face. "Your mother is in league with Dumbledore; he attempted to modify my mind so that I would ask Ginny to be my wife five months from now – but with what I have done with Tonks, such a thing simply will not be possible."

They nodded, and he continued – pointing to his trunk. "Tonks and I live together; there is a location warp in that case which leads to our home in China." Their expressions clearly conveyed their approval of his decisions, and he smiled warmly to them. "Thank you guys, the fact that I can trust you means a lot." They smiled back at him and he dropped the wards silently. "But onto more important things – especially for tonight; how quickly can you two make a solid doppelganger for me?"

For the rest of the day Harry would've liked to say that he hated it – but in all honesty, he almost felt it was worth giving up some time with Tonks. Almost.

Ginny found herself the target of an absurd number of pranks that day; from her hair turning to Tonks's short, pink hairstyle – and Harry drooling conspicuously at the fact, to finding that the wallpaper frequently attempted to take her life by reaching out and strangling her. By the end of the day, Harry had the twins begging him for the spells – which he gleefully handed to them for their help with the

doppelganger. Dinner was a rather tense affair, with Harry's drink laced with six times the lethal amount of Amortentia, and every Weasley save for the twins leaning forward in their chairs excitedly, awaiting his confession of love for their youngest.

To the complete amusement of Harry and the twins, he stood from the table, thanked Molly for a wonderful dinner, and walked up the stairs to his room where his doppelganger awaited. Harry clapped it friendly on the back – pushing the false, manipulated memories and personality into its empty shell before opening his trunk, expanding it, and stepping inside before reversing the charms and continuing down the stairs. When he reached the door at the bottom, he knocked quietly, and he heard some quiet shuffling before a voice came from the other side. "Who is it?"

Harry smiled at the slightly worried tone, and forced a burst of love across their bond, which made her tear open the door and pull him into a hug – her face covered in a joyous smile. "Harry!"

He nuzzled his chin into her dark hair and smiled. "I missed you."

She smiled back. "I missed you too." After a moment she pulled back and took his hand in hers, before gently tugging him towards the door he knew led outside. He stepped out onto the patio and smiled at the scene before him. It was clear that the ex-Auror had been working all day to prepare, and he allowed himself to be led to a seat where a wonderful smelling dish awaited him. She sat opposite; the light from one of the candles casting a tan glow across her skin. Harry looked behind him at the moonlit valley, and then back at his wife. He didn't look to the scenery again. They both begun eating, and Harry told her about his rather interesting day at the Burrow.

"Six times the lethal dose?"

He nodded and swallowed his mouthful of pasta, gently stroking the back of her hand to keep her from grabbing her wand and running back up the stairs to blast the redheads into oblivion. "But we got them – especially Ginny – back." He went on to describe, in gleeful detail, the punishments he and the twins had dished out to the manipulative, traitorous sods, and by the end of dinner Tonks was feeling much better about the entire situation. It ended with them both sitting on the stairs leading to the meadow; Tonks's head

resting against his chest and his fingers gently running through her hair.

"I just want it to be over." Harry looked down at Tonks, and frowned, prompting her to continue. She looked out over the meadow; the moon alighting her skin. "I want Dumbledore to be gone, the Weasleys gone, Voldemort gone, so that I can love you in front of everybody without worrying."

Harry's expression softened and he pulled her closer. "We still have four weeks of holidays left, and now that I have a doppelganger I can stay with you for that entire time." Her eyes lit up and he smiled warmly at her. "And then the day before we head back to Hogwarts you and I are going to cause a rather serious ruckus in the magical world."

Her grin was positively feral. "Dumbledore?" He nodded. "Weasleys?"

"Most definitely."

"Voldie?"

Harry frowned and shrugged. "I hope not, but the more wands the merrier I suppose."

"Don't get cocky."

"I'm not; I am confident that I can defeat him."

"With a hundred Death Eaters at his back?"

Harry had the decency to look at least a little sheepish, and grinned at her. "You're right." Slowly his grin faded, and she found that hers had as well. He reached up and tucked a stray hair inbehind her ear, and then trailed his fingers down her jaw-line. She smiled at his touch and pulled him to his feet before leading him inside – both of them knowing exactly what was about to happen, and neither of them wanting anything else.

Harry woke slowly, finding a weight on his chest – a familiar weight. He turned his eyes to the woman lying across his torso and smiled; trailing his hand lightly over the bare skin of her back, as he had

done every morning for the past twenty five. Slowly she woke in his arms, and she smiled sleepily up at him. "Good morning."

He smiled back. "Good morning." She laid her head back on his chest, and he waved his hand at the curtains – gently pulling them back so that they could watch the sunrise from their bed. After the sun was well and truly above the horizon, Harry sat up, pulling Tonks into his lap – holding her like a bride as she snuggled into him. "Well today's the day."

"Mm-hm."

"And you're going to get to piss off Ginny."

She laughed and leant up to peck him on the lips. "You know just what to say."

He puffed out his chest and forced a pretentious expression onto his features. "Of course I do, I'm Harry Potter."

She slapped him on the arm and he dropped the act, chuckling as he did so. "We should get up."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Yeah, we should." Neither of them moved an inch. About twenty minutes later Harry sighed. "We should really get up."

She nodded against his chest. "Yeah." They were still for another ten minutes before Harry, in a superhuman display of mental strength, pulled them both off the bed to shower. There was no mucking around under the steaming hot jet of water; there was no need. It had become a ritual of sorts – a tender reminder of the lovemaking the night before – not a repeat. They exited the shower feeling refreshed and far more awake, and Harry walked through to the kitchen to brew them some coffee while Tonks went and changed. When she came through he handed her her coffee and the Daily Prophet which Hedwig had brought – no doubt using her hidden talents which neither of the lovers were prepared to reveal to the world at that point, before moving to change himself. He returned several minutes later to find Tonks looking at a particular article in the paper with a raised eyebrow.

Harry peered over her shoulder while taking a sip of his coffee, and failed to notice the shield his wife erected around herself. With a splutter, his entire mouthful of the brown drink flew at his wife, and he heaved a sigh of relief when he saw it atomise before it reached her. She smiled knowingly at him and passed the article over her shoulder so that he could read it.

Ginny Weasley Guarantees that She has Snagged the Boy-Who-Lived!

By Rita Skeeter

What followed was a disgusting display of underhanded sluttiness that made Harry feel sick to his stomach. It contained an interview with Ginny where she described, in astounding detail, just how she had become hitched with the saviour of the wizarding world. Some absurd story of true love followed, along with confirmation from Albus Dumbledore, self-proclaimed leader of The Light, that they were soul mates. When the raven-haired wizard got to the part about how intimate they had become, he disintegrated the paper with a snap of his fingers – fury rocking through him.

He plonked himself angrily at his seat beside his wife and stabbed at his sausages in a manner that made even her wince. "Dobby!"

With a pop the small house elf appeared, and squeaked in excitement when he caught sight of Harry eating his sausages, but frowned when he saw the state of said sausages. Mulched would be the understatement of the century. "Yes Harry sir, what can Dobby do?"

Harry saw the slightly hurt look on the face of the elf, and smiled apologetically at him. "Sorry Dobby; I'm a little mad this morning." The creature's face brightened, and Harry's mood jumped up a notch. "I just called to thank you for making breakfast and cleaning the lounge – I know that Tonks and I were a bit...rough last night."

Both he and his wife blushed as Dobby stared at them, but sighed in relief when a smile broke over his face. "No problems Harry and Nymphie; Dobby just glad that Harry Potter sir has found a love."

"Awwwww..."

Harry glanced humorously at his wife before turning back to his elf friend. "Dobby, please tell the other house elves at Hogwarts that I will need to be protected from Dumbledore this year, okay?"

Dobby nodded happily, and chatted for a few more minutes before popping back to Hogwarts with a sharp crack – to continue his spy duties for Harry, and to talk to the other elves, who unknown to the magical world, were most definitely Harry's allies. The previous night, Griphook had apparated in to confirm their plans, and had stayed for dinner before hurriedly apparating out when he saw the matching looks of want and lust on Harry and Tonks's faces.

Harry grabbed his coat from the hook by the door after kissing Tonks firmly on the lips and winked at her before disappearing back up the stairs. He activated the peephole in the trunk before exiting and stood in Ron's room for the first time in nearly a month. Suffice to say that he was less than impressed with the scene. His side of the room was reasonably ordered and clean, whereas Ron's side looked like a dump truck had decided to literally do what its name implied; take a dump. A moment later his Doppelganger ran into the room, touched Harry on the shoulder – transferring its memories of the past three and a bit weeks into a pensive like container in his mind, before whisping away like dust in the wind. A moment later, as Harry quickly looked through the memories, he realized just why his clone had been so eager to disappear. Ginny flew through the door a moment later, confirming Harry's suspicions, and leapt at him – an attack which he deftly ducked under, and caused the youngest Weasley to go sailing through the open window, and out of the top storey of the Burrow with a surprised squeal.

Harry didn't even bother helping her; he could feel the wards catch her and lower her gently to the ground, and so he proceeded to tuck his wand into his forearm holster, his second wand into his boot holster, and his glasses behind his ears – after removing the prescription however; it wouldn't do to have contacts and glasses on at the same time. He jogged down the stairs, passing the twins and giving them a wink as he passed – causing them to whoop in glee that he was actually back, and entered the kitchen with a wary look on his face. His apprehension was not unwarranted. Molly hustled through from the kitchen as soon as he entered the dining room, and she fussed around him – murmuring about 'blasted muggles not feeding you enough' and 'stupid slut making you depressed' and, much to Harry's despair, a 'good that you love Ginny now'. He felt

like vomiting over her, but decided against it; revenge would be far, far sweeter as the day continued.

Arthur entered a moment later, with Ginny hot at his heels – running to Harry the moment she saw him – but finding it odd that she couldn't get her arms around him. Harry peered over his shoulder, and gave a nod of immense thanks to the twins who both had their wands out. For the second time that summer, Harry found himself tugged away by a portkey, only to reappear gracefully in Diagon Alley a moment later. The others all fell to the ground much to his amusement. The looks he and Ginny were receiving were more than a little creepy, but the matching, sleazy grins on the female Weasleys faces had him wanting to run to the nearest house and take a shower...with Tonks.

They walked into Flourish and Blotts to buy their books for that year, and Harry surreptitiously grabbed a small collection that he had preordered before he arrived, quickly transfiguring them to look like the booklist they had been given. The fact that every single one of them was illegal was just another incentive to hide their true nature. The Apothecary was next – and again Harry picked up several packages which he hid inside his robes. It was when they dropped into Madam Malkin's that Harry's plan begun to come into play.

Madam Malkin greeted Harry warmly, as he had popped in five days previously and commissioned her to make the most interesting, and expensive clothes she had ever made. Needless to say that Molly was astounded that Harry had gotten around her snooping, but her thoughts on the matter quickly disappeared when the clothes-maker opened the first box for Harry to look inside. His mouth fell open, and it was with shaking hands that he took the box from the counter and nodded enquiringly to the changing rooms. The woman nodded with a smile and a wink, and handed Harry a second box of the exact same size, much to the confusion of the Weasleys. He rushed to the changing rooms and warded them quickly so that he couldn't be disturbed.

"You there love?"

A moment later, the wall between him and the next changing room disappeared, and the woman who had been waiting for him begun her assault. He grinned into her kiss and wrapped his arms around her – murmuring inbetween her excited kisses. "Mm, I guess you

are." After a minute or two she pulled back, and Harry handed her the second box. She didn't even bother blocking his view as she tore off her clothes, but when Harry hugged her from behind and gently nibbled on her neck while slowly running his hands over her breasts she relaxed and calmed down. He turned her around and buried his hands in her brown, mousy hair before pressing his lips against hers one last time before pulling away and changing himself. They both looked at each other as they got dressed, and couldn't help but chuckle sporadically as they checked each other over for any zip or buckle not fastened properly.

They ended their inspection with a slow, meaningful kiss, and Harry smiled before stepping out of their joined changing room – leaving her behind. When he walked back into the store, every mouth fell open. None of the wizards or witches had ever seen anything like it before- and it was one of the reasons why Madam Malkin had gladly made the pieces. Gone was the clunky and tangling robes that were the norm; instead a black, ribbed jersey covered Harry's torso – hugging his body where it fed from his magic reserves to power the layer of shields lying on top of the rare black-horntail dragon hide hidden in the Kevlar-weave that looked like black wool. The black jeans that he wore contained much the same protections, save for lessened shields to conserve magic, and his black, shined shoes – with a hidden blade in each toe, would never dull. Never had the wizarding world ever employed such a muggle outfit, but Harry found it as light as just wearing a singlet and boxer-shorts, and he twisted experimentally – grinning when he found it moving perfectly with him.

He thanked Madam Malkin very much for the clothes, and pulled a hefty sack from his pocket – having moved it from the jeans that were shrunken in his back pocket – and placing it on the counter. Even Fred and George gargled at the absurd amount of money – but Harry left the store without giving the time for the elderly woman to complain about his overpaying. It was halfway down the street that he heard the yell he had been expecting – and he turned to see Tonks walking happily towards him; with the Weasleys – save for George and Fred once again, all glaring at her and reaching for their wands. They all froze however, when they saw Harry turn, a hard look in his eyes. Molly and Ginny nearly hugged each other in joy when they saw the expression on his face, but they felt like screaming, and did so, when the pair met in the middle of the Alley and, without any hesitation whatsoever, kissed each other. It was

like every other time they had pressed their lips together, but so different at the same time. Harry could feel the world around them fading quickly, until it was just her and him. He slowly reached for his wand, much to the glee of Ginny and Molly – before blasting Arthur into a nearby wall, having attempted to sneak up on the pink-haired witch. Harry grinned into the kiss, and touched his tongue to hers as he buried his hands in her soft hair – while she did much the same. They felt the slight drain on their magic as curses impacted on their new clothing, but didn't stop their ministrations for an entire minute afterwards – when air truly did become a necessity.

Harry rested his forehead against hers, and calmly raised his hand behind her head to block a bone-breaker curse from the youngest Weasley. Normally he would've been angry at such a, literally, back-stabbing act, but the kiss he had just shared with his wife had left him glowing. He looked down into her cinnamon orbs and she flickered them to their natural red for a moment, a gesture of love that nobody save for him and her parents had ever seen. Harry would've, and could have stood like that with Tonks for the entire day, but when he heard, and felt the familiar apparition signature, he pulled Tonks to his side instead – turning to face the new visitor.

Standing there in his ghastly colourful robes, was none other than Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, and Mr Dumbledore, Harry noticed, did not look in the least bit happy. He strode to Harry, but froze when he hit an invisible barrier. His eyes turned dangerous towards Tonks, who just moved closer to Harry's side, and pleading to Harry. "Harry, you need to fight through the curse!"

Harry raised an eyebrow at that. "What curse?"

The fact that Harry's speech wasn't jolted in the least like most under the Imperious shocked Albus for a moment, but he quickly answered. "The Imperious I think Harry, you need to break free from it; think of your love for Ginny!"

Harry shivered in disgust at the thought, and Tonks looked down, concerned. When she saw the sickened look on his face she understood straight away, and wrapped her arm around his waist tighter; lending him mock support – much to his amusement. He faked struggling; forcing blood into his face and panting softly, before making his voice seem jittered and halted, as if he was speaking through the Imperious. "I-I'm try-trying sir; it's- it's just th-

that Ginny is..." He relaxed completely and raised an eyebrow at the manipulative headmaster. "Is a complete and utter slut sir." The entire Alley had quietened to almost a whisper as the stand-off continued, but all noise died at that statement. Albus looked completely blown away, as did the majority of the people in the Alley – Fred and George were the only ones that had any expression different from horror, hate, and disbelief.

Albus took another step forward, glaring at Tonks and forcing his consciousness into hers. Harry effortlessly severed the old man's link to Tonks – who had simply diverted him into a rather heated memory that occurred three nights ago, and grinned at him. By this point – clearly thinking that Harry was still the stupid teenager that he had always been seen as, and Tonks as the harbinger of destruction regards his manipulations – he did the one thing that he 'knew' would work. "FAWKES!"

With a flash, and a surprised squawk, the recently flamed-in phoenix was sent smashing violently into the wall of a nearby shop – before sliding almost comically to the ground. The silence deepened as complete and utter shock ran rampant in the small Alley; even the twins had shut up. Harry glared at Dumbledore for his act of underhandedness. Everyone shrunk back when they heard the power in his words, even the great wizard himself. "Phoenixes are creatures of the light; to force them to do something dark like whisk me away against my will, with no actual proof that I am being controlled, is like a punch to the face for them." Harry moved his arm to Tonks's shoulders and pulled her willingly into his chest, where she sighed happily. "Your manipulation of my life stops here Albus; I simply will not tolerate such exploitation of myself, or anybody else."

Hedwig flew down from one of the nearby roofs a moment later and landed on Harry's shoulder. The raven-haired wizard smiled at the bird and petted it lightly on the head before turning back to the headmaster of the most prominent school of magic in Britain. "I will be returning to Hogwarts this term; I will however, not be on the Express – good day!" And with that, a flash of white appeared where they had stood a mere moment earlier, with a roaring sound echoing in the ears of all those in the Alley for their efforts.

In China, thousands of miles away, Harry turned to his wife and grinned. "I love payback."

R&R

A/N: WARNING! There is a lemon at the end of this chapter - a short one, but a lemon all the same. I hope it's not too shockingly bad; it's the first one I've ever written. R&R!

The murmuring in the great hall was louder than usual, for several reasons – the first of which was the most concerning for several powerful figures in the wizarding world. The-Boy-Who-Lived was under a love curse from an ex-Auror, and even Dumbledore hadn't been able to remove the dark magic from their Saviour's body. The magic was so dark in fact, that it was rumoured it had actually injured Dumbledore's legendary phoenix. That bit of news by itself was more than enough to raise the chatter a few decibels – but add to that the fact that Dumbledore had his wand in his hand at the head table, and that Snape was standing outside the great doors and it was more than enough to make dinner the loudest in the history of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

All the talking stopped however, when Snape was blasted halfway down the Gryffindor table – coming to a halt right in front of George and Fred Weasley, who 'accidentally' spilt their pumpkin juice on his face. All heads turned to the doors, and Dumbledore stood from his chair when the wizard of the moment walked inside – his green eyes jumping mirthfully and a merry smile on his lips. "Good evening all."

It took a few moments for the shouts and yells to come, but the customary booming word "SILENCE" from the headmaster did the trick – as did the body bind curse that shot from his wand. Everybody watched Harry stiffen and fall to the ground when the curse hit, and Dumbledore breathed a sigh of relief. He turned his back to the downed wizard and spoke to Flitwick. "Filius, could you please take Harry down to the dungeons and place him in one of the-"

"Oh come off it Headmaster." Every head snapped once again to the black-haired wizard, and eyes widened when he got to his feet and brushed himself off. He turned to the twins, and laughed when he saw them both holding conjured scorecards with a 10 on them. He bowed slightly to the pair, and then turned back to the man who he had once seen as his role model. He felt sickened at the memory. In a gesture that only the muggle-born and half-blood's understood involving a clenched fist minus the middle finger, Harry took a seat by the twins, opposite Ron and Seamus, and beside Hermione.

He clicked his fingers and a plate appeared before him, and he quickly piled his plate with food before digging in as if nothing was the matter. Nothing could've been further from the truth. A student, whom everybody 'knew' had average, if not dismal grades, had just blasted a Death Eater, and had managed to get free from the most powerful wizard's body bind. Harry snickered to himself, if only they knew that he hadn't escaped the bind, but instead had blocked it completely, they would be liable to walk around for the rest of the night with their jaws scraping against the floor. "Harry, don't worry; I'm working on a cure."

Harry slowly turned to Hermione and raised an eyebrow. "Oh really?" He sent a command to his ring and waited.

She nodded her head furiously. "Just keep fighting it Harry; I can't believe that Tonks would go dark like this! I mean she's eight years older than you for Merlin's sake!"

Harry nodded towards his now exposed ring, but she took it at face value, and a look of relief spread across her face. "Oh Harry, you're fighting it!" He nodded pointedly at his hand again, and she gasped in awe. "It's amazing that you are managing to even communicate with me through a curse so dark!"

Harry slapped his hand against his face in frustration before grabbing her face with his hand and directing it to look at his left ring finger. When she saw what was on said finger, she fell off her chair. Harry rolled his eyes and took another bite from his chicken drumstick, watching her as she scrambled to her feet to peer at his hand again – her eyes wide and shocked. "Harry, that's-" He nodded and rolled his eyes at her expression. "But then that means that–"

He nodded again and spoke for the first time. "Nothing whatsoever can influence our love – including any dark curses that tricked me into bonding, I'd be dead if that was the case."

"Bu-bu-but"

"But Dumbledore is a manipulative bastard." Harry finished simply, as he caught sight of a blonde haired Slytherin across the hall. He fell off his chair in laughter when he caught sight of the small scorecard with the number 1 on it, and scrambled to his feet to give his friend a quick grin. Quickly checking that he wasn't being

watched, Draco sent him a subtle grin of his own before returning to his dinner. Harry glanced upwards, and raised his eyebrow at Hermione's shocked expression – he knew exactly how she felt; he'd been in exactly the same state one and a half years previously, except about a hundred times worse because it had been his life that the old coot had been messing around with. "Hermione."

He waved his hand in front of her face and sighed when she didn't even flinch. With a wave of his hand he delivered a small electric shock to the traumatised teen, and she jumped. "Huh?"

He smiled at her and placed his hand over hers. "Now I know for a fact that Dumbledore is listening in to this conversation," they both glanced up at the head table and Dumbledore blanched when he realized he had been caught red handed. Harry took out his wand and quickly carved a series of runes into the table, before pushing a small amount of magic which, after a moment, blasted out a huge wave of power which it drew from Hogwarts itself. Harry watched happily as several surveillance charms were broken, and then leant back with a satisfied sigh – while waiting for Hermione to squeal. He didn't have to wait long at all.

"Ohmigod Harry! That's a Master's level rune!" Harry nodded and waited for the entire situation to sink in for his friend – once again he wasn't disappointed when it did. Her eyes widened, and her fork clattered to her plate. She leant over and hissed at him. "You just stunned a teacher!"

Harry looked down the table at the Potions Teacher who was still out cold from his earlier wanderings into the heavy candleholders on Gryffindor table, and then turned back to her with a smile. "Technically I was allowed to; he raised his wand against me so I took appropriate measures to ensure that his ability to hurt me was neutralized." He could see Hermione getting more and more frustrated with his calm explanations and laughed before tapping her hand to get her attention. "I'm just messing with you 'Mione, it's just that to explain it all here would be a little insecure – even with the wards."

He pulled his hand back from hers and took a sip of his pumpkin juice. He immediately felt the Amortentia in the sweet liquid, and lifted his head slowly to look at Ron – who was talking to Seamus, whispering furiously while snatching the occasional glance at him.

Harry noticed that much the same was happening around the hall, and sighed once again; he was beginning to regret bringing all this attention to himself. With a quick flick of his thumb, his and Ron's glasses were swapped, and Harry skulled his drink; watching as Ron let out a relieved breath that he had been holding. Harry held his breath as Ron lifted the cup to his lips, and grinned like a madman when he downed the entire glass in a mammoth gulp. He could rely on Ron to do that at least.

It was a moment later that the effects of the love potion became rather apparent – in the form of Ron's furtive glances at his sister sitting about ten meters down the table. She didn't notice, as she was paying far too much notice to Harry to acknowledge that her own brother was giving her the very attention she had been craving from the raven-haired wizard. When Ron stood from his seat his condition became glaringly apparent – and Hermione gasped before burying her head in Harry's right shoulder. Harry rubbed her back comfortingly and chuckled lightly to himself. "Was that really necessary?"

He chuckled harder and tipped his head back slightly to peer at the empty space behind him, before receiving a quick peck on the lips. He patted the spare seat beside him and smiled when he felt the familiar weight rest on his shoulder. "Well you have to admit, he did kind of deserve it."

He could feel her nod her agreement on his shoulder, and Hermione answered the question that she thought was directed to her – as they watched Ron approach the glaring redhead, more than likely due to the fact that Harry wasn't jumping her bones in the middle of the Great Hall. "Yeah, but I really didn't want to see it–"

'It', was Ron lifting Ginny from her seat and pressing his lips firmly to hers – and Harry felt slightly ill at the sight before him. He heard a dry gag from his 'empty' shoulder, and a long, drawn out "ewwwwwwwww" from Hermione, whose expression matched Harry's. A moment later the youngest Weasley recovered from her shock, and sent the unfortunate, sneaky redhead across the three other tables, and into the wall on the other side of the hall with a blasting hex. Harry frowned at the golden beam that had sent Ron flying, and quickly relived the memory using his occlumency skills – before his frown deepened once again.

He turned his head to his left and raised his eyebrow. "I know Harry; we'll need to be very careful from this point on."

Harry nodded, and Hermione cleared her throat from his other side – ignoring the rush of Madam Pomfery to help her injured ex-friend. "Harry, is there something more interesting to your left?"

Harry turned to her with a blank, innocent expression on his face. "Perhaps; I thought I felt an odd aura by the doors." She narrowed her eyes at his valid explanation, and huffed angrily when she didn't catch sight of any twitch in his expression. He laughed and patted her placatingly on the head –earning him a sharp glare – before turning back to watch Ron get levitated out the main stairs, headed towards the hospital wing.

Harry finished his dinner – which consisted of just one drumstick he had nibbled on throughout the various spectacles that night, and then stood from his chair – not giving the headmaster a second glance – before resting his hand on Hermione's hand once again. "I'll see you around." She didn't notice the small rune that disappeared into her pale skin, nor did she notice Harry's hand clasped around something at his side – Dumbledore however, did. Harry saw the movement from the staff table and pretended to ignore it; walking out the door and around the corner before taking action. There was a crack as Tonks apparated away, and Harry pulled a small object the size of a matchbox before throwing it at the ceiling – where it stuck and changed colour to match the grey of the stone.

A moment later – with immense glee – Harry watched Dumbledore appear from the Great Hall and catch sight of him. The only reward for the old man's actions was the finger, once again, from Harry, and the sight of a student whom he had previously considered to be substandard apparating inside Hogwarts. He was left standing in the hallway wondering just how the hell he could do such a thing when even he couldn't do it; the great Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore! And he wasn't deaf either; he'd heard the first crack of apparition as well, and his face begun to turn a Vernon-puce colour which – had Harry been witness to the spectacle, would've been burnt into the raven-haired wizard's memories to forever cause him immense amusement.

What Harry was doing at that moment however, he considered to be worth far, far more than such a memory. Tonks pressed her lips to his as soon as he apparated into their living room, and Harry returned the kiss with a passion; smiling when she moaned into his mouth as he sent a flurry of magic running across her skin. It took only a moment for him to apparate them onto their bed, and another to completely divulge them both of their clothes. He looked down at her and smiled warmly, the passion forgotten for a moment as he took in her lithe body beneath him.

Two months ago he had been convinced that he had killed Sirius, would die by Voldemort's hand, and would never be loved by a woman for who he was. Seven days after the fact, he had begun to release the blame for Sirius' death. Two days later he had kissed Tonks for the first time, and had begun to seriously reevaluate his thoughts of never being loved. As for Voldemort – tonight had proved that he would at least give a good fight – if his performance against Dumbledore had been any indication.

But at that moment, none of that mattered; what mattered was that he was bonded for eternity to the woman beneath him; the most caring, funny, cunning, intelligent, and the most beautiful woman he had ever met. What mattered was that he was about to make love to the only woman he had ever truly loved with all that he was; the only woman that he ever would, or could love like that. The love that he knew was in his eyes was replicated in hers – glittering happily up at him, and he slowly entered her – causing them both to groan in extacy. Harry pulled her to him and rubbed his hand across her toned stomach – causing a wave of warmth to flood her insides as the protection charm activated.

She smiled into his shoulder at the caring gesture, but quickly forgot about it when he begun moving. It was so familiar, as if she had been feeling him inside her for her entire life, but so different every time – because the love that they both put into their nightly unions seemed to grow continually, and she knew something for certain for the first time in her life: it would never stop growing.

Finally, two hours later, they finally collapsed onto the bed; shaking and clutching one another as they climaxed together. It ended several minutes later, and Harry slipped out of her before hugging her tightly to him and pulling the sheets over them both. It was with one last, lingering kiss that they fell asleep, but they both had

matching, cheeky smiles on their faces as they drifted off in their embrace.

Tomorrow was the beginning of their revenge.

Hope you enjoyed it! R&R

A/N: Just a reminder to some people reading this story: this is a super!Harry story, I put it in the summary...

To everybody else I hope you enjoy the new chapter, and keep reviewing!

Conversation in the Great Hall was rather subdued on the first morning at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. As per the previous night with its unusual loudness, the silence also occurred for several different reasons – the first being the reaction of the Headmaster when he entered the Hall first thing that morning. It had been louder than the night before, but had quickly quietened down when he let off the most powerful sound-making hex he could – which inadvertently caused several students' eardrums to burst. Poppy was most displeased.

The second reason was that Dumbledore's face was purple, and whenever it showed any chance of returning to its usual hue he would grumble angrily, and it returned full-force. Nobody in the Great Hall wanted to risk the wrath of the powerful wizard.

Of course, another one of the reasons that the Gryffindor table specifically was so quiet was due to the presence of Ron and Ginny, both of whom were sitting at completely opposite ends of the table – which was quite a long way. This, unfortunately, had the side effect of making everybody in Gryffindor who were sat between the pair feel rather queasy, and so conversation had been kept to a minimum lest they suddenly succumbed to the rather overpowering urge to start 'yodelling in the porcelain canyon'.

And the last reason they were quiet, was due to the raven-haired wizard that had beaten a known Master Duellist, and thrown off a hex from, arguably now however, the most powerful wizard in the magical world. It was at the moment that people begin filing out of the hall that Harry 'popped in', and quite literally. Winky had used her elf magic that morning to transport Harry from his and Tonks's apartment to the Great Hall, being the house elf of the Potters naturally, and to reveal less to the students – which an apparition by Harry himself most certainly would not have. With a small salute and a wide grin, Winky disappeared back to Potter Manor, as Tonks had so dubbed it; leaving Harry standing in the middle of the hall with a rather astounded expression on his face. He'd been right in the middle of a rather enjoyable snog with Tonks on the couch whe-

He noticed the people who had been just about to walk out frozen in their footsteps and sighed unhappily as he made his way to Griffindor table, where the Twins had saved him a seat. He'd have to thank Winky later for keeping him on time, however much he hated being pulled away from his wife like that – no matter what the occasion. Hermione was staring at him like he had just murdered her parents, and he winced when he remembered the Potter crest that had been proudly displayed on the breast pocket of Winky's uniform. He received the full brunt of her temper when he took his seat; the first loud sentence since Dumbledore's damaging hex earlier. "Harry! I can't believe that you enslaved a creature like that! It's immora-"

"She swore an oath that she truly wanted to serve my family Hermione, and her magic accepted it without so much as a millisecond of hesitation." That quickly put an end to her argument, and he grinned at her gobsmacked expression before picking up his chalice, which was filled with hot coffee; he'd already had his breakfast – in fact it was his making of the rather impressive dish that led to the impromptu kissing session on the couch as thanks.

"Harry,"

"I think you need to take better care"

"Of whose socks you put on"

"In the morning."

Unfortunately, the twins' observation had been loud enough to have been heard by the majority of the Gryffindor table, and regrettably had also reached the ears of a certain white-haired Headmaster. All leaned forward, especially Hermione since she was the closest, to look at Harry lifting up his pant legs to confirm the twins' suspicions, and scandalized gasps echoed out around the hall when the pink sock came into view. Harry groaned pitifully and let the fabric drop to conceal the rather vibrant material, and slammed his head on the table; oh the questions he would be flooded with now.

"Harry!" Hermione hissed, and he lifted his head slightly to show that he was listening. "Whose sock it that?"

He muttered against the wood, and she leant forward just quick enough to catch the last name – which was all she needed. "Tonks."

"TONKS?" She screeched, and Harry nearly sobbed – there went the neighbourhood. A flurry of whispers broke out at nearly every table, and Harry was sure he could feel the searing heat from Ron, Ginny, Snape, and Dumbledore's glares. He slammed his head into the table again – and heard a familiar snigger from behind him, which lifted his spirits somewhat. "Harry, how could you cheat on your wife like that, and with a woman eight years older than you for Merlin's sake!"

He slowly lifted his head to send the brown-haired witch a look that clearly questioned her intelligence. "Hermione, what would happen if I cheated on my wife wearing the ring I am currently?" She frowned, but then her eyes widened when she comprehended just what it all meant. For Harry to cheat on his bonded would mean certain death, and not a pleasant one either; he would die as he rotted from the inside out – and there was absolutely no possible way to stop it. "Yo-you-" She spluttered for a few moments before continuing, "You...a-and Tonks?"

He nodded and smiled. "Yeah."

The brown-haired witch looked positively appalled. "You- Harry! She's eight years older than you!"

He nodded once again, and raised an eyebrow at her horrified expression. "Does it matter how old we are if we love each other?"

"How do you kno-"

He cut her off with a small glare, and then hazarded a glance around at the rest of the hall before frowning and taking her hand. "Winky!"

With a small pop, the house elf appeared beside Harry at the table and smiled up at him. "What cans Winky do for Harry sir?"

He returned her smile before answering. "Back home please Winky."

"With Miss 'Mione sir?"

He nodded and gripped the small elf's hand, and smiled when he felt Tonks's hand come to rest on his shoulder. Harry glanced up at Dumbledore, who by this point was already making the motions for a very dangerous spell, and did the most appropriate thing before he popped away.

He blew the purple-faced headmaster a raspberry.

A moment later, the three arrived in the living room; smelling fresh as the warm breeze from the meadow wafted in through the doors that opened onto the balcony and Hermione was treated to Tonks appearing from mid-air, and tackling Harry onto the couch before kissing him passionately on the lips.

After about a minute Tonks broke off and grinned up at him – chuckling when she saw the dazed look in his eyes. He looked down into her clear, blue eyes and smiled when she flickered them red for a moment. "What was that for?"

She pulled herself off him and sat beside him on the couch – leaning against his chest. "I didn't get to finish my thank you for breakfast this morning." He grinned and pecked her lightly on the nose before turning back to Hermione, who was doing a rather impressive impersonation of being in a bodybind. He would've given her a ten if he didn't know it would make her faint from shock.

While she was digesting the information, and wasn't really paying attention to the outside world, Harry picked up Winky and gave her a squeeze – causing the small elf to giggle happily and wrap her arms around his bicep in a small hug. "Thanks for keeping me on time Winky, but next time could you please warn me?" She nodded furiously, and Harry grinned before leaning down to whisper in her ear. "Would you please go and get Draco, it'd probably be best for him to be here for the explanation as well."

The elf nodded and released his arm, before comically saluting and popping out of existence. Harry had the notion that she had been spending a little more time with Dobby than he had first suspected. The thing that broke Hermione full out of her reverie came a moment later in the form of a certain blonde-haired Slytherin popping into the room with Winky at his side – his eyes widening when he saw just where he was. "MALFOY?"

The blonde winced and glared at Harry before turning to face the angered Gryffindor. "Yes?"

Hermione spluttered for a few moments before narrowing her eyes and hissing at him. "Get out of here right now before I hex you into next century you bastard."

Even Harry was a little taken aback by her scathing tone, but Draco took it in a stride – looking at her apologetically. "I guess I deserved that."

"GET OUT!"

"Hey Drake, I think I deserved more than a one." The Slytherin diverted his attention to Harry, who was standing by the bench in the kitchen, holding out a butterbeer to him.

Draco walked over and took the offered glass before smirking at the raven-haired wizard. "You deserved nothing more Potter."

Harry clutched at his chest and sent the blonde a mock-pained look. "So cold Draco, so cold."

The Slytherin laughed and pulled Harry into a brief one-armed hug before letting him go and sitting down on one of the bar-stools, completely ignoring Hermione for the time being; he knew what Harry was trying to do and was more than willing to play along. "So where are we?"

Harry nodded outside and smiled while letting Tonks take a sip from his glass – much to Draco's amusement. "China."

His eyes widened a fraction and he nodded appreciatively. "Good choice, it's got great scenery. Did you buy it?"

Harry nodded again, and then sent Draco a cheeky grin. "There was another bidder going for it, but the Goblins helped me out with taking care of him."

"Oh, who was he?"

Both of the men had noticed Hermione reaching for her wand as they talked casually, and with a flick Harry summoned her wand to

his hand before pocketing it. He answered Draco before turning to the shocked witch. "Amycus Carrow," Draco barked in laughter as Harry turned to Hermione with a small, disapproving glare. "Hermione, I was trying to break it to you easily, and I know that this is a whole lot to take in, but nothing is as it seems." He stood from his chair and wrapped an arm around Tonks's waist before motioning to the two guests that they should follow. Hermione was astounded that Draco motioned that she should go through the door to the deck first, and sat on one of the chairs facing Harry and Tonks – while Draco took the other, an expectant look on his face.

"Well the fact that you've exposed me to Hermione is a slight shock – but then again you've been causing a fair amount of trouble lately."

Harry grinned and nodded before turning slightly serious. "Before we start explaining, I just want to make something very clear to both of you."

Draco looked curious and Harry looked apologetically at him. "I couldn't tell you Draco; the risk of an owl being intercepted or a meeting being discovered was far too high." The blonde nodded and sat back in his chair and waited. His jaw dropped when Harry continued. "Tonks and I are bonded."

"Bo-bonded?" It was at that point he saw the rings on their fingers, and promptly proceeded to pass out. Hermione looked at the Slytherin in complete and utter confusion, while Harry cast enervate on him. He snapped back to consciousness with a start, and then jumped from his seat before pulling Harry to his feet and engulfing him in a brotherly hug. "Hell's bells Harry, I would never have guessed that you would get with Tonks!" He turned to the pink-haired woman and grinned at her, before holding out his hand – freezing for a moment when he found himself pulled into a hug. After a moment, he pulled back and grinned at her. "Congratulations, you just married a man with a whole lot of secrets."

"Not really." He looked at her, confused. She held up her ring and grinned at him. "Potter family bonding rings." For the second time that day, Draco Malfoy fainted, and Hermione was left with more questions than answers.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?"

Harry looked over at Hermione with a small grin on his face – earning a chuckle from his wife. "Well from what I can gather, Draco had just found out that not only am I married, but bonded, and he had fainted on both occasions."

"Bu-but Draco Malfoy? You hate Draco!"

"Not really." Her eyes shot immediately to the blonde who was unsteadily getting to his feet – and then proceeded to drop her jaw when the young Slytherin gave Harry a friendly smile. "Although you could've broken all this to Hermione and I just a little easier.

"Where was the fun in that though?" Harry couldn't help but agree with his wife, and as Draco made his way back to his seat he suspected that he heard a quiet, "whipped" come from his friend's lips. Once again, Hermione repeated her cry of "What the hell is going on?" and Draco looked to Harry for permission – which he gladly gave.

He turned to the muggle-born with an apologetic smile. "Before I start, I'd just like to apologise; I never meant anything by the insults – it was the only way to stop Snape from suspecting anything." She gurgled in shock at his completely changed, pleasant attitude, and he smiled warmly at her. "I really hope we can be friends once you understand everything – which is what today is all about I suspect?"

He got a nod from Harry and continued. "Well firstly, I heard your protest at the table – and Winky told me about your outburst here as well." He leant forward in his chair and clasped his hands in front of him. "Being a muggle-born, you will only know what is available through books in regards bonding rings. From what I can gather, you understand that the love cannot be tampered with when such a bond is in place?" He received a shocked nod. "Good, and you also realize that the bond relies on loyalty?" She nodded again, and he smiled. "And did you know that Harry and Tonks are joined to such a point that if one dies, so does the other?" She nodded once again and he sat back – a knowing look on his face. "I thought you might – but did you know that their magic, minds, and indeed their spirits are bonded?" Her shocked silence was answer enough, and Draco continued. "And that they literally know absolutely everything to know about one another; that their memories merged in the bonding, and thus their love – if their current position is anything to go by – is eternal?"

She looked over at Harry and Tonks, the latter sitting with her head resting on Harry's chest; her eyes closed and smiling while Harry gently ran his hands through her long, pink hair. The joy on his face spoke the world to Hermione; if Tonks knew everything about him, and Harry knew everything about her, and yet they were so in love, it truly meant that her opinions on their age difference wouldn't matter in the least to the couple.

She sat, silent, for a minute before raising her eyes to meet Tonks's. "You truly love Harry, don't you?"

The ex-Auror nodded happily, and leant up to peck the black-haired Gryffindor on the lips – and he answered her question before she even asked him. "I couldn't live without her Hermione; now that I've found her I simply won't let her go." A serious silence filled the space between them, until Harry turned to Draco who was making dry-retching sounds – a grin on his lips. A well-placed, wandless blasting hex from Tonks sent him flying into the meadow with a dull thud, and Harry cracked up laughing when he saw Draco stand up; flowers sticking out of his hair. "Awwwww, so pretty!"

"Expulso!"

Harry held up his hand and deflected the curse easily, still laughing – despite Hermione looking at him like he was mad. "Come on Drake, I'm sure Pansy would just love to see you like that."

The blonde grumbled angrily before pulling out his wand and banishing the flowers and walking back onto the deck before slumping into his chair with a hump. "Stupid woman would probably try and jump me in the middle of the Great Hall if she saw that." He grumbled again, before turning his eyes upwards to meet Harry's – the green-eyed wizard having calmed down slightly. "Did you know that she actually tried to impress me by nearly killing a first year 'Puff? I mean, my act is pretty badass, but come on!" Harry was about to interrupt, but Draco wasn't finished his rant. "I mean I don't want a stupid, stuck-up hussy! I want a woman who can think for herself, does the right thing, and is caring – not a freaking mindless, bitchy drone!"

He sunk back into his chair, puffing slightly in anger, and Hermione looked at him like he had grown another head – but there was

something else in her gaze as well, and Harry stored the memory away to review later on. "Okiedokie Draco, now that you've got that out of your system I think that we should move on to telling Hermione just what's going on – and then Tonks and I can fill you in on what's happened, and what's changed since you and I last talked."

Draco nodded his agreement, and conjured a bottle and two glasses onto the table in between them all. Draco raised his eyebrow enquiringly at Harry, who groaned and slapped his hand to his forehead when he saw the label on the bottle. "A two hundred year single malt whiskey – you really know how to tempt me Draco." He peered inside at the clock, and groaned when he saw that it was only eight in the morning in Britain – three in the afternoon in China. He decided to take the local time to heart and nodded to Draco, who grinned and poured Harry a glass of the amber liquid before taking one himself.

Harry sank back into the chair, glass in hand and Tonks on chest, before turning to Hermione with a small smile. "So, are you ready to find out just what the truth is?"

A/N: And here comes a few explanations of what happened, and how Harry discovered the manipulations. Also, as a gift because of all the uplifting reviews I have received for this story, I am posting five chapters simultaneously! Also, this story is now dedicated to a little girl whose name starts with P. So little P, this is for you! Enjoy, and R&R!

"He seems to be resisting Albus, and I'm a little worried."

Harry froze in the hall, his eyes widening when he heard his name, before slamming his back up against the stone wall when the voices got louder. For once he was happy that he had read a certain book before he had begun wandering the halls after curfew; he'd had a feeling for quite some time that Dumbledore couldn't actually see through his father's cloak, but had simply seen his magical aura when he had been sneaking around. A moment later two people came around the corner, and the white-haired man turned to Arthur with a frown. "Whatever do you mean Mr Weasley; I'm sure that my plan should've worked."

The head of the Weasley family scowled, an expression which Harry had never expected to see on his face in a million years. "Well it didn't. You told me that the love potion would have Harry literally under Ginny's thumb in under two weeks – well Harry was with us for six, and the closest we got was Harry asking for Ginny to accompany him on a walk into the forest."

Harry stood, stunned, as everything begun to fit together in his head; the odd tasting food, Ginny's greedy, coy stares, Ron's lack of reaction towards said glares; it was all a lie. He felt like sobbing, but knew that he was in a position learn just how much he had been lied to – there was time for grief and anger later. Dumbledore's eyes twinkled at Arthur. "Ahh, but how do you know that they didn't sneak away to go at it like rabbits Mr Weasley?"

"Because I bloody well followed them!" Arthur hissed angrily, "And all Harry did was sob about his bloody parents, they've been dead for damn near fourteen years – get over it!" Harry sunk down the wall in shock as Arthur leant against a nearby pillar, panting angrily for a moment. After about a minute he turned to Dumbledore with an accusatory glare. "You promised us that Ginny would be pregnant before the end of the holidays, married halfway through this year, and that Harry would be dead in two and a half years' time." Harry

was crying by this point, but forced himself to continue eavesdropping – however painful it was. "You promised us that we would get all his money, but it doesn't bloody look like that's going to happen at this rate Albus."

Money. Harry felt like he was going to throw up. As he continued listening, he was completely still – the only things moving being the tears running down his cheeks. Ron, someone who he thought was his best mate, was being paid to be his friend and slip him love potion. Arthur and Molly, two people who he thought of as the parents he never had, wanted him dead so that they could have his money. Dumbledore, the man who he had thought of as a grandfather; the one person who he felt he could fully trust save for Hermione and Ron, wanted him dead so that he could claim the defeat of Voldemort himself and become minister of magic. Hermione; she was the only one he could trust now.

Finally, after talking for another painful hour, the two wizards parted – Arthur to apparate back home outside the Hogwarts boundaries, and Dumbledore to summon Snape to brew Amortentia – a stronger love potion than the one Harry was being currently being fed.

He couldn't move, or speak, for an hour afterwards – and so it was at two o'clock on February the 22nd that Harry Potter begun sobbing in the corridors of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Hermione had her mouth hanging open in shock, while Draco looked just as disgusted as he had the first time Harry had told him the story. "Ron..."

Harry nodded and sighed. "Yeah, Ron was in on the plan as well – he was slipping me love potion throughout the school year in an attempt to get me to marry Ginny so that I'd sign over my vaults to her."

Hermione couldn't even speak, let alone contribute anything to the conversation, and so Harry smiled to lighten the mood. "But if I hadn't heard that then I wouldn't have become friends with Draco." This caused Hermione to turn to the blonde with a slight glare, but the venom in it had lessened somewhat after his display of brotherly affection towards Harry, and his seemingly genuine apology to her. Harry caught her glaring and chuckled. "Really Hermione, Draco is not the person who you think he is."

"Really?"

Draco sighed and took a rather large gulp from his glass before answering – looking her right in the eyes to try and convey the truth. "Yes, really. I was raised by my father to hate anything that wasn't a pureblood. Fortunately for me, I was too stubborn to actually let the lectures sink in – but I learned my lesson the one time I did voice my dislike at the prejudice." Hermione raised her eyebrow and Draco turned around before lifting his shirt and baring his back – causing Hermione to draw in a shocked breath. Harry had seen the gruesome scar before, but every time he saw it, it made his blood boil in rage at his friend's bastard of a father. Draco lowered his shirt and robe once again to cover his scar and turned to her, a pleading look in his eyes. "I meant what I said earlier Hermione, I really would like to have you as a friend."

She was taken aback at both the sincerity in his tone, and his use of her actual name, and struggled to form a sentence – but managed after a few seconds. "Me, as a friend? Why?"

He gave her a warm smile, which made her flinch slightly; not used to seeing such a genuine and caring expression on his face, before answering. "Well let's see, shall we? You're smart, you have your own views and opinions and you stand up for them, you're loyal towards your friends, you help everyone, even if they're not deserving, you're selfless, you can pack one hell of a punch," she smiled slightly when he rubbed his nose and chuckled at her, "and I simply cannot overlook the fact that you are very attractive." That caused a few jaws to drop, including Harry's.

"Wow, I didn't know you... wow." Draco looked at Harry with a raised eyebrow, and the raven-haired wizard grinned back sheepishly. "Not very articulate huh?"

"Well you can't deny it, can you?" Hermione was still looking at Draco as if he had just escaped from a mental ward, and Harry turned back to look at his blonde friend after a moment. "No, I can't, but I think that my wife is the most beautiful woman on Earth, and that's never going to change Draco." Harry earned a peck on the lips for that, and Draco smiled back at him.

"I can accept that."

"Y-you think I-I'm pretty?" He turned his head back to the bushy-haired Gryffindor and smiled warmly once again before nodding. Her jaw was still slack, and Tonks and Harry were secretly enjoying seeing Hermione Granger, the woman who always had something to say, finding it hard to say anything without stuttering. "B-b-but yo-you always say I-I'm ugly!"

He nodded and frowned. "I had to; else Snape would suspect that I wasn't going along the path my father set me."

Harry leant forward and Draco turned to him. Harry tapped his temple enquiringly, and Draco's eyes lit up as he nodded. Harry turned to Hermione and spoke. "I can allow Draco to share memories with you so he can prove that he means what he says." At her shocked look, he grinned. "The spell is Goblin-crafted; and I only know it because I have certain privileges where Goblins are concerned."

"But he could lie!"

Harry shook his head. "I'd catch on if he was lying; I'm the medium as such – I'll filter anything that I don't approve of before I pass it on to you." Draco looked a little uncomfortable at sharing certain memories with Harry, but the raven-haired wizard grinned at him. "Hey, when it comes to something as serious as this Draco, I won't whisper a word to anyone about it – including you. Once this is done, it's up to you and Hermione to decide what to do about it." Draco looked far more at ease when Harry said that, and even more so when a flash signalled that Harry's magic had accepted the oath.

After a moment, Hermione replied to Harry's questioning look with a nod, and he moved to sit on the table in front of them before raising both of his hands to rest lightly on one of their temples. He closed his eyes slowly and begun the spell – finishing it a minute later. A torrent of memories flooded through from Draco, and Harry slowly fed them to Hermione; not even bothering to check them after peaking at the first memory; the care Draco felt for Hermione was definitely genuine. It took an entire hour for Draco to finish feeding the memories to Harry, and Harry through to Hermione – but it finally ended with Harry taking his hands away from their heads, and leading Tonks inside to give them time to talk.

"Draco really cares for her Tonks, like, to the point where I actually consider it love." Harry shook his head in amazement, and chuckled slightly. "Even though I know Draco, I was not expecting that."

Tonks worked around Harry as he begun making the muffins for morning tea, and she made a cake, only stopping to kiss him tenderly on the lips as she passed him. "You could see it when he first arrived; as soon as he saw her, and realized that you were going to reveal him to her, his shoulders sunk in relief – and when he looked at Hermione, well." She chuckled. "It wasn't that hard to tell that he really liked her."

Harry huffed as he poured the mix into the moulds. "I didn't see that."

A moment later he felt Tonks's arms wrap around his front, and he relaxed into her chest – enjoying the feel of her breasts against him and her chin on his shoulder. When she spoke however, she sounded slightly depressed – he figured out why a moment later. "I know you didn't, but it's not your fault; it's because of those bastard monsters that you lived with that you can't see things like that."

He turned in her embrace and found her resting her head against his chest – a sad look on her face. "I can see you." She looked up at him in surprise, and he smiled warmly down at her. "I can see in your eyes that you love me, I can see the same in your actions and expressions – and if I can only ever see love in you, then I'm content." Normally Tonks would've looked at him with a raised eyebrow from the sheer corniness of the statement, but hearing the serious tone he used eased her fears that he was simply taking the mickey. She nuzzled his chest for a few more seconds before he dropped his arms and allowed her to continue with her baking.

It was nearly an hour later that the now ex-enemies entered the house, and Harry and Tonks smiled at them both before motioning towards the lounge where their baking was waiting on the table. Tonks sat on Harry's lap, and gave their two friends a suggestive grin – making them both blush. Harry saw their red cheeks and tapped Tonks firmly on her head, mock growling at her. "That'll do Nymphadora." She reddened at the hoarse tone in his voice and leant her head against his chest to stop further teasing. Harry smiled in triumph and turned to Hermione. "You now understand that not

everything is what it seems?" She nodded and he smiled. "Excellent, now we just need to protect you."

"P-protect me? From what?"

"Dumbledore of course." She froze and looked a little sheepish, and Harry chuckled. "I would teach you Occlumency myself, but my bond with Tonks stops anybody from entering my mind but her – unless I use spells like before, but that would hardly be beneficial to learning the mind arts." He turned to Draco. "So if Draco doesn't have any objections, I'd get him to teach you."

Judging by the two of them looking like Christmas had come early Harry had no doubt that that would be exactly what would happen. "I have no problem with that; but we'd have to find a place where we couldn't be disturbed."

Harry nodded. "Winky!"

A moment later the small elf popped happily into Tonks's lap and looked up at him with a grin. "What can Winkys be doing for Harry sir?"

He grinned down at the small elf and patted her head fondly. "Could you please key Draco and Hermione into the wards?"

"All the wards sir?"

"Except our bedroom, yes." Tonks snorted at the gobsmacked looks on the Gryffindor and Slytherin's faces, and Harry grinned a bit before dismissing the small elf to take care of the wards. "Draco, I assume you can apparate?" The blonde nodded at Harry and the raven-haired wizard grinned. "Excellent, feel free to find a time that suits you both and then pop in here anytime during the week."

"And the weekends?"

Harry shook his head gravely. "No, sorry."

Hermione looked at him, confused. "Why not?"

Harry sighed solemnly, and she leant forward in her chair: shivering in anticipation at the obviously-serious reason for not being allowed

access in the weekends. Where they brewing a dangerous potion? Were they practicing dark magic – no, they wouldn't do that...perhaps really powerful light magic? Maybe they were training to be animag-

"Nobody but me gets to see Tonks naked, which is what she is most weekends."

All coherent thought went out the window when Harry said that, and both of their guests sat in their chairs with gaping jaws and wide eyes. After a full minute Harry looked down at his wife and sighed. "Love, I think I broke them."

A/N: Also, if you have any plot ideas, stick them in the review...I have writer's block on this story at the moment.

Harry woke with a start, and let loose strangled scream that had Tonks sitting by his side in a second; her hands on his bare shoulders. "Harry, what's wrong?"

He clutched at his scar with a twisted look on his normally smooth features, before scrounging the energy to look at her – pain evident in his emerald eyes. "It's him," he wheezed, "he's trying to get through."

"Bu-but the bond!"

He shook his head and closed his eyes, grimacing through the waves of pain that felt too much like the Cruciatus curse. "The link with him was there before the bonding."

Tonks's eyes widened and her grip tightened on his shoulders. "Oh god, it's immune to the effects?" He nodded and her face took on a horrified expression. "What do we do Harry?"

He peered up at her and felt the usual skip in his chest when he looked over her lithe body in front of him. She noticed where his eyes were roaming and scowled angrily. "Now is not the tim–"

She was abruptly cut off however, when he crashed his lips to hers and placed his hand on the back of her head; pulling her towards him. She could feel the desperation in his kiss and realized that he had a plan – he must have, else he wouldn't be kissing her in such a dire situation. Harry relaxed slightly when he felt her kissing him back, and slowly ran his fingers up her side until he cupped her breast and gave it a light squeeze, causing the woman in front of him to moan into his mouth. He smiled into the kiss, but quickly found himself on the receiving end of his treatment when she held him in her hand and squeezed – causing him to groan.

He broke off the kiss and rolled his eyes at the cheeky grin on his partner's face before leaning forwards and nibbling at her neck – ignoring the pain from his scar as much as he could. He felt her chest arch against him as he moved lower, pausing to suckle at her breast while he moved his hand southwards to rub her. He smiled lovingly up at her when he heard her sharp gasp as his fingers touched her, and she looked down into his eyes with a matching expression. Harry felt the pressure in his head die down slightly, and gently manoeuvred a finger into her, forcing some of his magic into

his hand. He watched as her eyes rolled back in her head when she felt the warmth of his power shoot inside of her; arching her back and shuddering – her mouth open in a silent scream.

He loved seeing her like that; overcome with pleasure, in a state of near-unconsciousness. Finally she collapsed; pulling Harry down on top of her with a breathy sigh. He rolled to the side and watched as she caught her breath – chuckling when she spoke. "Pretty much every woman I know would kill to be able to orgasm like that."

He smiled down at her, kissing her nose when her crimson eyes opened to peer at him. "Well they're out of luck – only you get to come like that."

He winced slightly as another wave of pain wracked through him, and she reached up to trace her finger across his cheek – smiling slightly. "I'm ready."

He nodded and waited until the wave passed before looking down at her apologetically. "I feel terrible that I'm using you to fight Vol-"

He shut up when he felt her lips pressed against his in a loving, tender kiss, and looked at her, wide-eyed when she pulled back and smiled at him. "You're not using me Harry; I always give myself to you willingly."

Begin Lemon

A/N: Visit my website (link on my profile), go to "The 'Lost' Chapters" section, and it'll be there waiting for you. If you like it, please leave a review here.

End Lemon

Light.

He scrunched up his eyes and groaned, before muttering his customary greeting to the new day. "I bloody hate mornings." It took a moment for all of Harry's senses to come to him, but when they did, his eyes snapped open and he turned to look at his wife. He slumped back into the mattress when he saw her even, slow breathing, and slowly raised his hand to his forehead – brushing his fingers over the spot where his scar had been previously. Nothing.

He grinned to himself and quickly conjured a mirror just to make sure that the spell had worked correctly. He brushed away the congealed blood from the scar site, and then pumped his arms in triumph when he saw the lack of a lightning-bolt shaped scar.

His sharp movement however, resulted in the rather violent shaking of the bed which woke his sleeping wife – who groaned lightly and stretched, before freezing and then whipping around to look at Harry – a worried look on her face. She sobbed in relief when she saw Harry smiling warmly back at her, and she buried her face into the crook of his neck. "You're okay?" He nodded, and she sniffled. "Really?"

He wrapped his arms around her and sat up; holding her to his chest. "Yeah, because of you though."

"Why, what did I d—" She froze when she looked up to see him tapping his bare forehead happily, and for the fourth time that morning she screamed. "Ohmigod Harry, the scar!"

He nodded and kissed her on the lips, grinning happily. "And everything that came with it as well; suffice to say that Voldie is going to have a rather impossible time trying to break into my mind." His grin softened however, and he looked down at Tonks' incredulous face before tracing her cheekbone with the back of his hand. "I love you."

She sniffled again and buried her head in a nearby pillow in embarrassment. He waited a moment before he heard her muffled reply. "I love you too."

Tonks had been rather unhappy at the fact that Harry still insisted on attending classes that day, but then he reminded her that he was Harry Potter – and earned himself a slap on the forehead for his arrogance. He had chuckled at that, and then pulled her into his side before feeding her one of the chips from breakfast – which Winky had so kindly cooked for them; having registered the rather extreme burst of magic from their bedroom the night before.

Eventually however, she relented, and Harry had handed her a brochure on the Asian Ministry of Magic before whispering a quick "Page thirty two", giving her a peck on the lips, and apparating to Hogwarts. The students that had been exiting the Great Hall after

breakfast were treated to the sight of Harry Potter falling from the ceiling ten meters up, and landing gracefully on the stone floor below with a finesse that seemed to suggest that he had simply stepped from a gutter to the road. He happily noted that one of them was Neville, and another was Luna, and he waved them over.

Neville was the first one to speak, and he sounded rather worried. "Harry, do you have any idea just how much danger you're in? Dumbledore ordered anybody who saw you to stun you and take you to his office!"

Harry frowned for a moment and then turned to Luna. "What do you think about this Luna?"

"I think Daddy should write an article about how Dumbledore is a manipulating alien from Jupiter, and that he came to Earth to transform it with the amount of hot air that comes from his mouth."

Harry chuckled and nodded in agreement. "That would be very amusing to see Luna." He then turned to Neville and grinned. "Well I would hate for you two to get in trouble for not following his orders, so by all means go ahead." Neville gaped at him while Luna immediately reached for her wand. ""But," Luna froze, and Harry sent her a warning look, "no stunners please – just a body bind." She nodded, pulled out her wand, and cast the spell – causing Harry to snap to attention and fall, only to be caught by a levitating charm from Neville. As the group passed the other students, who were gaping at them, Harry turned his head slightly to Luna and smiled. "Good job with the bodybind Luna; it pretty darn good if I may say so myself."

Neville's eyes widened when he heard Harry, and he snapped his head around to look at him in surprise. "You can talk?"

"I can do far more than talk Neville, but that's beside the point. Winky!"

The small elf popped into existence beside the walking, and in one case floating, trio and fell into step beside Harry's head – not looking overly worried that her master was encased in a bodybind. "Yes Harry sir, what can I do?"

"Would you please contact the twins and get them to make four doppelgangers; one for Luna, another for Neville and the other two for Draco and Hermione like we did yesterday?" The elf nodded and Harry smiled. "And would you tell Dobby to forget spy duties today and instead cook a meal for eight tonight?"

Once again she nodded, but frowned as she was about to pop away. "Whose the meals for Harry sir? That's only six!"

"You and Dobby will be joining us tonight Winky."

Harry, and anybody watching, was treated to the sight of an ecstatic house elf hugging Harry's head as he was levitated to the Headmaster's office, with the small female squealing happily and proclaiming that Harry was the "Bestest wizard in all the worlds." Harry felt rather smug at the compliment. Finally they reached the door to Dumbledore's office, and Neville turned to Harry for permission – which the young wizard gladly gave; still a little dazed by the high praise from Winky. After Neville had knocked, a happy chortle of "come in!" reached their ears, and Luna opened the door.

Dumbledore stood, and was about to speak when he saw Harry following behind the pair in a bodybind. Any words of cheeriness he had been about to speak quickly caught in his throat – and a look of maliciousness spread over his features. "Mr Potter, how nice to see you again." Dumbledore turned to Luna and Neville with a look of immense pride. "Sixty points to each of you for looking past your friendship and doing the right thing." Both of them felt very guilty at that, but were reassured by Harry's sly wink. The pair left with thanks to the white-haired wizard, and as soon as the door closed, Harry was exposed to a rather different side to the 'grandfatherly' Dumbledore that most people were used to.

With a click of Dumbledore's fingers, Harry was bound in chains to the wall wearing nothing but his underwear. Harry looked at Dumbledore incredulously; he knew exactly where that spell came from! He had never taken the old man to be into S&M. As for how he knew about it, Tonks had been rather eager to explore all facets of their relationship. Both of them had agreed however, after reading a certain book that the bondage scene simply wasn't for their loving tastes. The fact that Albus Dumbledore, a one hundred and fourteen year old male, was using the spell on him was causing a rather disgusted and uneasy feeling in his gut. He considered living out a

fantasy with Tonks in his head to calm his nerves slightly, but decided against it – 'popping a boner' at this point in time could definitely give the wrong message.

He watched as Dumbledore stuck his head into the floo and called for Severus, and then watched as the greasy-haired wizard exited the fireplace a moment later – blanching when he saw the predicament Harry Potter was in. Harry wanted to nod in agreement and roll his eyes, but decided to save the surprise for later – however uncomfortable the current situation made him. Dumbledore walked up to Harry, a sneer on his face, and Harry stared straight ahead – mentally patting himself on the back for casting the eye-wetting and comfort charms before he entered the office. "Well well well, Harry Potter."

If the young wizard could have slammed his head against a wall without causing any suspicion, he would have. Dumbledore paused in front of him and his sneer widened – causing an involuntary shiver to run down Harry's spine. He counted himself lucky that the old coot looked away just as the shiver ran through him. "Severus, the Veritaserum." Harry mentally groaned as Severus sneered at him and handed Dumbledore the potion – before allowing his jaw to be prised open and the potion poured in. His ring neutralized the potion as soon as it entered his body, and Harry forced his eyes to glaze over slightly. He found the bodybind removed after a moment, and then the questioning begun.

"How the hell did you break free of my bodybind?" At his angry tone of voice Harry grinned slightly to himself; somebody felt a little inadequate at the moment.

"Voldemort helped me."

Dumbledore's eyes bugged out at that, and his eyes flickered to the 'scar' on Harry's forehead – which was actually nothing more than a powerful glamour charm. "How did he help you?"

"He gave me power to break free."

Dumbledore growled angrily, and paced for a few moments to calm himself. "Fine. What happened in Diagon Alley?"

"Diagon Alley sir?"

"YES HARRY, DIAGON ALLEY!"

"When sir?"

Dumbledore's face was slowly turning purple, much to Harry's amusement, and he only just managed to spit out an answer. "WHEN YOU KISSED TONKS!"

"I kissed Tonks?" He waited for a few moment before letting a dreamy smile spread across his face. "I've always wanted to do that."

"WHAT?" Albus' mouth was hanging, agape. "YOU LOVE GINNY WEASLEY!" It wasn't a question, and so Harry kept his mouth shut, carefully observing the entire situation. "Do you love Ginny Weasley Harry?" It seemed as if he had calmed slightly – but it wasn't hard to see that the anger was bubbling just below the surface.

"No sir, she's a right tramp." No longer was the anger bubbling below the surface.

"YOU WILL BLOODY WELL LOVE GINNY WEASLEY!" With a growl he took another potion from Snape and shoved its contents down his throat. Harry allowed the potion to enter his bloodstream unhindered just to see how strong the effects of Amortentia were, and was pleasantly surprised to find that he could easily fight it off without the ring neutralizing it. After a moment he allowed the ring to do what it wanted to do, and the effects of the potion completely subsided, allowing Harry to give his full attention to the situation at hand. "Do you love Ginny Weasley?"

"Awww, do I have to?" Harry whined, and Dumbledore's eyes bugged out, as did Snape's when Harry begun laughing. "Really you two, do you seriously think that Luna and Neville would have a bodybind more powerful than yours Albus?" With a snap of his fingers, he produced the counter to the rather...offensive spell, and returned his clothes to his body with another wave of his hand. "And that I would allow myself to be led into the dragon's den where you would obviously load me up with Veritaserum and dose me with love potion without any plan whatsoever?"

Still Dumbledore and Snape stood, too shocked to speak, and Harry turned to them before sighing and deciding to make better use of his time than wait for two old men to get their senses back. He walked over to Fawkes on his perch and smiled apologetically at him – talking quietly enough that only the bird could hear. "Sorry about the other day Fawkes; it was partially my fault you got hurt so much; my wards were pretty strong." The bird trilled in agreement and Harry chuckled before calming himself to deliver the proposition to the bird.

"I'm sure you've noticed that Dumbledore is heading towards dangerous territory where dark magic and intentions lie?" The bird nodded and Harry continued. "Well as you very well know, there is a ritual to switch owners – although it would require quite a large amount of magic since you are both a Phoenix, and are bonded to such a wizard." Harry saw a glimmer of surprise in the Phoenix's eyes and nodded with a smile. "I can see that not only do you know of it, but you also have considered using it on more than one occasion." Fawkes looked up at him in shock, and Harry chuckled. "How do I know what you're thinking? I'm using Legilimency."

Still Fawkes looked disbelieving and Harry leant in to whisper to him. "I had some help from another Phoenix." Fawkes's eyes lit up and Harry nodded with a wink. "So, the reason that you haven't undertaken the ritual is due to nobody having the required amount of magic, right?" Again Fawkes nodded, and Harry grinned happily at him. "Well if you wouldn't object to it Fawkes, I would be more than happy to 'take you under my wing' as such." He sensed the unspoken question in the Phoenix's mind and scoffed. "Really, is that all you can think about at the moment?" Fawkes glared at Harry, and the raven-haired wizard sighed before giving in. "Yes, she's a girl."

The phoenix screeched happily before reaching out his claw to touch Harry's hand – and so it was just at the moment that Dumbledore was about to loudly scream at the young wizard that he beheld a sight which he never though he would see in a million years. At first the white pulse was small, but even Dumbledore could see the connections in the room begin to form. The first line connected him to Fawkes, the second and third connected Harry to things outside of the room – as the lines went through the wall, and the third was from Snape to something in the Dungeons, judging by the direction of the green thread.

It was when the headmaster saw his bond with Fawkes begin to deteriorate that he fully comprehended what was happening, and moved to stop it with a yell – his wand outstretched as he cast the killing curse at Harry; his plans be damned. Harry saw the curse and deftly ducked out of the way, before sending a burst of white energy out towards his attacker; slamming him violently into one of the walls where he crumpled into a heap. Harry winced at the sound of bone breaking – and quickly turned to Fawkes to see if he had been affected through the connection to the fallen wizard. Judging by the joyous look in the red Phoenix's eyes, the connection had weakened to a point where such a thing didn't have the power to move across their bond.

With a damp thud, and a crackling of energy, the bond between master and familiar broke; sending a powerful blast of energy into the room that slammed Snape into Dumbledore, who was trying to get to his feet. The precious instruments so meticulously arranged on the wooden shelves were reduced to simmering puddles of molten metal and plastic, and the protective wards on the portraits and books around the room lit up – struggling to withstand the onslaught of magic from the pair whose bond was beginning to form. With a loud crack, much like one would hear after an apparition, a pure white line shot from Fawkes to something outside of the room – disappearing into Fawkes' heart while the other travelled through the wall. Harry could feel the bond and smiled warmly at the three pure white connections, before they faded from existence and the magic died down enough to let him breath freely again.

Fawkes looked at Harry, shocked. "I'm not bonded to you!"

Harry smirked at the bird and winked. "You're as good as bonded to me Fawkes, but you are correct – you are now bonded to my wife."

Harry pulled himself to his feet and Fawkes perched himself on the top of Harry's head – looking as steady as one would if they were standing on the ground. The young wizard gave his two groaning elders a two-fingered salute, and then exited the room; breaking through the wards with a wave of his hand. Harry peeked out into the hallway, and sighed in relief when he saw it completely empty – apparently the first class of the day had already started. "Sorry about the deception Fawkes; I was actually planning to bond you to me, but then I thought that Hedwig might have a problem with it, so I bonded you to Tonks instead."

"It's okay Harry, she seems like an interesting person."

Harry snapped his head upwards and Fawkes jumped up to hover above him. "You're in her head right now?"

Fawkes looked at Harry, confused, at least until he felt the distress of his new master. His eyes widened, and he quickly flashed out of existence in a bright yellow flame – Harry following a moment later with a muffled pop. They both appeared in the living room of Potter Manor to the sight of Tonks gripping at the sides of her head looking distraught and screaming loudly, "GET OUT OF MY FUCKING HEAD!"

Harry quickly placed her in a full bodybind and re-enforced it with a more powerful paralysis charm before he levitated her to face him – an apologetic look on his face. "Sorry about that love, but you probably wouldn't have calmed down for another five minutes if I didn't do that." She glared at him and he scratched the back of his head sheepishly before motioning to Fawkes, who was sitting on the table behind him looking equally as apologetic.

"Tonks, this is Fawkes, Fawkes, this is your new mistress."

After telling his wife just what had transpired in the beloved headmaster's office, and making sure that she wasn't too angry at him – which she confirmed with a soft, lingering kiss and a hug; more relieved than anything that he was okay – Harry apparated back out of his apartment and appeared once again outside the great hall. He wondered what his first period was – and was surprised when a small paper bird flitted in front of him a moment later. He grinned when he realized the spell work and opened it to read the contents.

Transfiguration Potter, stop bloody skiving to go and snog your wife.

Draco

Harry had a spring in his step as he headed towards his first class – which had started half an hour previously, but he quickly found his happy bubble burst when he entered the classroom. Even though he was powerful, it didn't mean that he couldn't be scared positively shitless by the Scotswoman who was standing at the front of the class – her green eyes glowering at him. "Mr Potter, how nice of you to grace us with your presence." Harry could see her intentions as clear as day, and hoped that she would spare him from detention.

He hurried to a seat beside Hermione and sat very quietly and very still, sincerely hoping that she would let the matter drop. He had no such luck. "Where have you been for the past day, and now half a period Mr Potter?"

"Uhrm, could I tell you after class?"

"So that you can miss out on more class time in another lesson? I think not Mister Potter."

Harry mentally groaned, but decided to tell the truth, at least most of it. "Well Professor, yesterday I was at home discussing some very serious matters concerning Voldemort with a security expert." Gasps ran through the room at the use of the name, and Harry scowled at the few he had caught. "Really, I thought we were past the whole 'his name is going to kill us if we say it' stage."

"You were at home Mister Potter?" He nodded, and McGonagall glowered at him. "As a student, you are expressly forbidden from leaving the castle."

He had been dreading this conversation, and he had been hoping to avoid it in front of such a large audience, but he simply didn't have a choice. "Well, that's not entirely true Professor." She raised her eyebrow and tapped her foot, tapping her foot and her eyes telling him exactly what she was thinking: this had better be good Potter.

He took a deep breath and nodded to himself. "Page three thousand and forty six, clause seventy two, paragraph nine, lines five to ten of the Hogwarts Rule Book state that a student is allowed to leave the grounds of Hogwarts on weekends, and after lessons are finished..." He then drifted off in to a murmur, which only Hermione caught – and she had to stifle a chuckle at the uproar the statement would cause in the lesson.

The Scotswoman leant forward with a dangerous expression. "You'll have to repeat the last bit of that Mister Potter; I'm afraid I didn't catch it."

He took in another breath and repeated his words. "If the student is married, Professor." It took a few moments for people to realize and comprehend just what he had said, which gave him a little leeway in erecting some sound dampening charms around him and Hermione. He was thankful he had done so when virtually the entire class, Professor McGonagall included, begin shouting, and in some cases screaming at him. It took a full ten minutes for the class to regain some semblance of an ordinary lesson, and so Harry dropped the wards with a sigh – awaiting the verdict from his head of house.

He wasn't disappointed, and he had to admit that she was quite sharp on the facts. "I'm afraid that you do not come under that category Mister Potter; not only would I have received a letter from the Ministry regarding your marriage, but the Daily Prophet I'm sure would have discovered the fact and had it printed on the front page as soon as it happened."

Harry stood from his chair and sent a command to the ring on his finger, before walking to the front of the class and placing his hands on the desk in front of her. She caught sight of the ring immediately, and visibly blanched when she realized just what the consequences and connotations of such a ring brought with it. "James and Lilly talked about these rings..." She looked at it in awe, and Harry

allowed her to look at it for only a moment longer before making it invisible once more. "Who is your wife Mister Potter?"

Harry looked up at her with a raised eyebrow. "I am not required to divulge that little bit of information Professor." And then he proceeded to return to his seat and sit down – waiting for the lesson to begin again. When it did, he found his first chance to cause some trouble.

Several Hufflepuffs were walking one of their classmates to the hospital wing when the wall in front of them was completely smashed apart, and a huge Elephant rumbled through the great big hole, trumpeting the entire way until it disappeared around the corner of the corridor.

"I SAID A MODEL ELEPHANT POTTER!"

The surprises with the supposedly substandard student continued for the whole day, and Harry for one, could say that he was enjoying blowing the socks off all the teachers, and most of the students that witnessed him performing his magic. In Divination, Harry predicted that an elephant would be chasing a blonde-haired boy; a moment later a rumble went through the castle, and everyone had rushed to the window only to witness, low and behold, a small, black dot with blonde hair, cursing Harry Potter at the top of his lungs whilst being chased by an oversized Elephant. Professor Trelawney had labelled him as a first class seer as soon as that had occurred. Nobody noticed the small house elf under Harry's desk whispering furiously to him.

In charms, Harry had crafted a spell that flipped the room upside down. Flitwick had been most delighted that he got to teach his class on the roof for once – and had commended Harry on his efforts – even offering to be the person Harry bounced his new spells off for testing.

It was potions however, that Harry enjoyed the most. Apparently his reputation of the day preceded him, and so Harry was told by Snape – who had been witness to his acts in the Headmaster's office, to brew polyjuice potion...in one hour. Hermione had been about to protest that the act was completely and utterly impossible – but Harry had quickly silenced her with a wandless charm. He had happily agreed to the challenge, and had been brewing a bogus

potion for forty-five minutes. A crash had distracted Snape for a moment, and so it was at that point that Dobby had jumped up from under the table, and switched the bubbling green mixture to some polyjuice potion that Harry had asked him to kindly fetch from his personal stores back at Potter Manor. When the potions master had recovered from screaming bloody murder at the student who had knocked over a cauldron, he found Harry standing proudly beside his cauldron, a mile wide grin on his face.

The Death Eater had moved towards the cauldron, but had been stopped by Harry who held his hand up and glared at the man. "Professor, I would quite like to know just what it is that you have held in your hand." The entire class had turned to look at the greasy-haired man, who quickly banished the powdered anaconda eyes in his palm, and then turned to Harry, baring his hands for all to see – a nasty sneer on his face. "Twenty points from Gryffindor for accusing a teacher of sabotage."

Harry leant over and plucked a hair from the Professor's head – much to Snape's shock, before dropping said hair in the cauldron, taking a ladle of the potion, and swallowing it. Snape was nearly beside himself with glee at the prospect of Harry blowing up or something similarly spectacular, and so was completely unprepared for the change to take place, leaving one Severus Snape standing in far too small Gryffindor robes – facing the real Severus Snape. Harry had dutifully informed Snape that having hair so greasy would drive away any of his prospective male lovers, before pulling out his wand, transfiguring his robes into a pink tutu – far too small for him – and left the room skipping down the hallway. Severus Snape was horrified when, a moment later, the bell rung, and students poured out into the corridor to see a carbon copy of their most hated potions Professor performing a rather accurate rendition of Swan Lake. For the second time that day, the word "POTTER!" rang out through the castle.

Harry had managed to outrun the unfit potion's master, and had caught up with Neville, Hermione, Luna and Draco before grabbing them and side-along apparating to Potter Manor. Neville looked a little green after the trip, but Harry had quickly sat him down on the couch and had given him a butterbeer for his troubles before calling Winky to take care of them while they were gone, and then popping back to Hogwarts with Hermione in tow.

"You said you would never use me like this Harry." The horribly guilty look on Harry's face was more than enough to cease the witch's teasing, and she hurriedly wrapped his arms around his arm with an apologetic smile on her face. "I'm just kidding love."

He chuckled humourlessly and leant against a nearby wall with a sigh – looking out over the school grounds through a window. "That's the thing Tonks; I'm afraid that one day you'll realize that you're too smart, too beautiful, and far too good for me." He smiled down at her sadly. "And you are. Being your husband is the best thing that has ever happened to me, but I can't help but feel that you got the crappy end of the deal." He peered back over the grounds where the sun was setting, giving it an ethereal glow. "I've got a dark lord on my arse because he believes a little glass ball, I've got another dark lord after me because he wants me to kill the first one and then myself so that he can claim being the saviour of the magical world, and I can't give you the wedding that you deserve until it's all over." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Hell, even your parents don't know that their little girl is married – do you have any idea how terrible that makes me feel?"

"Harry?" He turned a little, and found himself clutching at his smarting cheek a moment later as a loud crack echoed down the hallway – but a moment later her hands were cupping his face; her cool skin soothing the reddened cheek. "You're an idiot." Harry could see the pain in her eyes, and felt even worse for being the one to put it there. He felt his face being squeezed slightly, and turned his attention back to his wife who was looking at him with a pleading expression. "You would never hurt me unless it was for training Harry; I'm feeling the pain that you feel, the pain that you suffered through your childhood." A moment later he was engulfed in a firm embrace; Tonks's head buried hard into his chest. It was a few seconds before she spoke again. "In a way I'm glad you feel that way." He looked down at her, shocked, but relaxed when he heard her words. "Because I feel the exact opposite; I feel like I'm inadequate."

She looked up at him and gently stroked his cheek, and he closed his eyes slightly at her soothing touch. "You are the most caring, most loving, most thoughtful, selfless, and handsome man I have ever met Harry – and the thing is that you know I feel that way, but

you don't let yourself accept it because you were always had the words 'you will never be loved' beaten into you by those bastards."

She nuzzled back into his chest again, and he wrapped his arms around her, gently breathing in her scent – which he had pleaded for her to keep the same. Another five minutes of silence followed before Harry spoke, sounding far better than he had previously. "I'm sorry Tonks' you're right – it'll take some time for me to fully accept it, even with the love coming over the bond we share, so wait for me?"

She turned her head upwards and flickered her eyes red for a moment as she smiled. "I'll always be with you Harry, you know that."

He smiled and placed his hand on the top of her head tenderly, and she nuzzled back into his chest. It was in this position that Minerva McGonagall found them, and she had never been so shocked in her entire life. "M-Miss Gra- I mean Missus Pott... I never expected thi-"

"Hermione is not my wife Professor, although said witch did give my wife permission to use polyjuice to imitate her; I'm sure that you won't betray this little fact when we are in the meeting with Dumbledore which you came to inform me about."

"I-I-I- but..."

Harry grinned at her and let Tonks go. "Excellent! 'Hermione' and I will go on ahead then." It was just as they were outside of the Phoenix statue, which Harry thought a little misleading under recent circumstances, before the green-robed Scotswoman managed to catch up to them.

Just as they were about to give the password to the office above, she managed to gasp out her question. "Who are you?"

Harry turned to her with a surprised expression. "I'm Harry Pott-"

She glowered at him, shutting him immediately up, before turning to 'Hermione'. "I mean you!"

"I'm Missus Potter."

"Your first name!"

"I really don't like my first name."

McGonagall growled at the woman in front of her. "I can't have impostaers strolling the corridors, I'm sorry it came to this but you brought it on yourself."

With a wave of her wand, absolutely nothing happened, and it was Harry's turn to glower. "Professor, before I begin, let me just say that I like you. I am the head of two noble and ancient houses – both Potter and Black, which makes my wife perhaps the most powerful woman in Britain at the current time. Due to my status and my wife's, we are more than within our rights to challenge you to a duel to the death because of your attempt to restrain my wife." By this point, the transfiguration teacher was visibly shaking at the cold tone of her student's voice. She was however, completely unprepared for Harry to pop a grin, as did his wife, a moment later. "But I like you, so I don't think we'll bother with that – if you had've waited a moment longer my wife would have revealed her identity; are you sufficiently calm now Professor?"

At her nod, 'Hermione' returned to Harry's side and sunk into his embrace from behind, grinning the entire time. "Wotcher Minerva!"

Harry wished he had a camera to capture that moment in time – he was already considering a pensive and a painter for the job. The colour completely drained from the Scotswoman's face, her jaw slackened, her eyes widened, and she visibly slumped in disbelief. Any doubts were blown away when 'Hermione' morphed her hair into a bright pink before slipping back into the mousy-brown of her disguise. With a cherry wave, both of them said the password for the office in unison and headed up the stairs separately so as not to raise undue suspicion. They caught the yell from the bottom just as they reached the door. "YOU AND I WILL BE TALKING ABOUT THIS POTTER!"

"Yes Professor!" He called back cheerily; he was secretly looking forward to the conversation with his head of house – he had needed to let off some steam for quite some time. He knocked and marshalled his face into a worried and innocent expression when he opened the great big, wooden door. When the headmaster caught sight of Hermione he quickly hid his wand – much to Harry's amusement, and immediately switched to the grandfatherly persona

to which Harry had been exposed to for the majority of his life. Harry was also pleased to note the limp in the old man's step – he hoped he had popped the old codger's hip. "Hermione dear, it's always a pleasure to see you. Lemon drop?" Tonks politely declined, and then sat down in one of the seats that Dumbledore motioned to, while Harry took the other.

Albus sat down behind his desk and peered at the two, who looked completely baffled as to the reason they were there. "Harry, I assume you know why you are here?"

The 'boy', as Dumbledore still thought of him as, answered immediately with a shake of his head. "No sir, Professor McGonagall escorted us to your office and didn't tell either of us anything."

The pure innocence in Harry's tone hit Dumbledore for a six, and he stammered for a moment before continuing. "Hmm. Why is Miss Granger here?"

"I was with Harry studying when Professor McGonagall summoned Harry, and he asked me to come along in case he forgot something afterwards."

Dumbledore turned to Harry with a raised eyebrow. "Forget something? What would you forget?"

Harry scratched the back of his head sheepishly. "Well sir, I thought that you might have called me to discuss Voldemort, and if that was the case then it was bound to be important – so I brought Hermione along to make sure that I didn't miss anything."

"And this morning?"

Harry was putting on his innocent confused act for all it was worth at that moment. "This morning sir? What about it?"

The white-haired man frowned. "Anything unusual happen Harry?"

Said wizard made a rather big show of humming and ha'aling in thought before shaking his head in the negative. "No sir, although I can't remember a lot from this morning to tell you the truth; I must be taking a while to get back into the swing of things."

"Perhaps Harry, perhaps..." The old man sunk into thought for a moment before bringing the next topic to hand. "I've had reports from all around the castle that you have caused some rather...interesting things to happen."

Harry, from Dumbledore's point of view, had the decency to look embarrassed. "Yes sir, I thought it was about time I took up my father's mantle in regards the Marauders – I was thinking of bringing George and Fred into it seeing that they've decided to return for the year."

"I would suggest that you cease your pranks entirely I'm afraid, Harry; certain people didn't take too kindly to the jokes you played." Harry was about to rightfully ask just who had complained, but was cut off by another question from the manipulative wanker. "Where did you learn those spells Harry?"

"The restricted section sir." He thought it prudent not to tell him about the combined Potter-Black-Tonks and Every-Book-That-Has-Ever-Been-And-Ever-Will-Be-In-Florish-And-Blotts library that he had in his home in China, where his friends were waiting for them.

Albus's eyes hardened when he heard that. "I must implore you, Harry, to never venture into the restricted section again." Harry was about to protest that he was Harry Potter, and he was going to have to face Voldemort at some point, and that the restricted section would actually be a good thing, but decided he'd shaken the boat enough for the day – and so nodded demurely. The twinkle returned to Dumbledore's eyes when he saw the obedience, and he sat back in his chair with a happy sigh. He surreptitiously cast a tracking charm on the pair, and then nodded to them. "You may return to your dorms now."

The two nodded, and left the room as quickly as they dared without raising any suspicion. They immediately threw off their acts when the door closed behind them, and Tonks changed back to her normal – but not natural – self; her pink hair cascading down her back. She was ranting the entire way, with Harry nodding and agreeing with everything she said, before they reached the bottom of the stairs where they transferred the tracking charms onto his and Hermione's waiting doppelgangers respectively – after which Harry pushed her against the nearest wall and kissed her. She stiffened at

first, but quickly relaxed at his touch. She didn't even notice that Harry had apparated them to their living room until a surprised gurgle made her come up for air.

Neville was looking at the embracing pair, his finger pointing accusingly at them, and his mouth, and eyes wide open in shock. Harry enjoyed the sight for a moment before releasing Tonks from the embrace, instead taking her hand and leading her to the table – where she sat to his right at the head of the table. Draco took his left, while Hermione sat next to him; leaving the remaining two to sit next to Tonks. Luna saved Neville the heart attack of sitting directly next to said pink-haired woman, but still had to drag him to his seat.

Tonks then said the one thing that she thought would break the ice, but which instead caused the full implications of the situation to come crashing down on him, and broke Neville into a dead faint. "Wotcher crew!"

A/N: Well this is a pretty angsty scene right here; Harry brings his abuse to the surface for Minerva. Some of this is actually quite graphic, so you have been warned; Harry has had a bloody tortured childhood.

"Harry, please stay behind." Harry finished placing the books in his satchel before relaxing slightly as his year mates filed past him through the door. He caught a mouthed 'good luck' from Draco, Hermione and Neville, and nodded thankfully to them before ignoring the hushed whispers that the other students seemed not to understand carried perfectly well to his ears. He caught the words 'kill the unworthy bitch' once or twice, and had to grind his teeth to stop himself from hexing the witches into next week – or worse, just making it so that they didn't make next week at all.

He felt a flood of reassurance flow over his bond with Tonks and sighed in relief, before pushing his own emotion through the bond, which he knew boosted her spirits. She had been a little nervous that morning, being her first day in a new job and all. She had been accepted as one of the Asian Ministry's Auror Instructors, and had been buzzing around the entire morning, worried about how she would fit in with the other faculty. Hell, Harry had had to drag her into their bedroom for a quickie just to calm her down – and if the joy he could feel from her had anything to do with it, her worries were all completely unfounded.

"Potter." He was snapped from his reminiscing by his head of house sitting in front of him on the other side of his desk, and he gave her his full attention; as he had said the previous day, he liked her. She looked at a loss as to what to say, so Harry let her simmer in silence – he saw no need to dampen her impending outburst; he was quite looking forward to it in fact. He wasn't disappointed. "YOU'RE TOO YOUNG! SHE'S TOO OLD FOR YOU! SHE'S JUST USING YOU FOR YOUR MONEY OR SOMETHING! YOU'RE BEING MANIPULATED HARRY! YOU'RE FIFTEEN FOR GOD'S SAKE, AND I DON'T CARE IF YOU LIKE HER BODY OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT; YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO EVEN UNDERSTAND LOVE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...AND SINCE WHEN WAS YOUR HOME NOT THE DURSLEYS HARRY, I WENT THERE LAST NIGHT AND THEY SCREAMED THAT YOU WERE NEVER COMING BACK! THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!"

She panted heavily, and Harry raised his eyebrows. "Are you quite done Professor?" He could see that she wanted to throttle him with a beater's bat, but was too winded to do anything at that moment, and so nodded. "Excellent, then perhaps I can begin answering your questions – although I think that the more serious matters should be discussed last; so I'll answer in reverse order." Minerva's eyes bugged out; he considered his relationship more important than his safety? "Firstly, not really, it's actually quite acceptable by my standards – both my relationship with Tonks and my lack of a relationship with my relatives. As for when my home ceased to be with the Dursleys, I would have to take a stab in the dark and guess at around nine weeks ago." Her jaw was getting progressively lower as he spoke, but he ignored it.

"If anything, that place was never a home to me – in fact it was more of a prison. I was beaten, insulted, driven like a slave, tortured by Dudley, threatened, beaten down, hated, overworked, and quite frankly treated like absolute shit. I lived in a cupboard with spiders for company until the beginning of last year, and I was fed, quite literally, scraps. I considered Sundays to be a blessing when I got the skin and gristle from the weekly roast. As for the blood wards, which was the only real reason I was there in the first place, they are completely non-existent. No blood wards had existed there, ever, let alone in my lifetime. The wards that were present were run of the mill, and I could've done a far better job myself, and I in fact did so; I didn't have a hankering for Death Eaters knocking down my door one morning when I was completely starkers after getting out of the shower.

"As for love while I was there – well, as with Dumbledore's fabled blood wards, that was non-existent as well. Shall we go through my life there? I think we should really; best to get it all out on the table at once I say. When I was old enough to understand words, I began my real life at the Dursley's. Petunia taught me to cook for them at the ripe age of four. If I burnt myself, which I did frequently, you know; being a fucking four year old and all, tough luck – you could bloody well finish cooking before you ran your hand under cold water; oh, and you could forget running said cold water for more than ten seconds too – a freak like me didn't deserve the privilege of wasting water."

He could see the horror his words had brought forth in his Professor, but he was far from done; he was going to blow the damn façade

right open. "When I was five, I was taught how to do the laundry; Dudley was actively encouraged to take a shit in his washing basket before I did my rounds. If I hesitated then I would be locked back into my cupboard for three days without food or water. When I was six I truly learnt just what pain was. I had overcooked Vernon's egg to the point where it was hard rather than runny – of course my lapse in attention could have been due to the fact that Dudley had caught me in the temple with a swing from his new metal baseball bat the previous night, but I could be mistaken; after all, if that happened then a family would rush the wounded person to the hospital immediately. So I must be wrong, because instead Petunia kicked me down the stairs, quite literally I assure you, to cook breakfast.

"As punishment for overcooking the egg, Vernon called in sick to work and took me down to the basement where he tied me to his workbench. He then proceeded to do all the things that I now consider to be pain – ever wonder why I didn't cry when my arm got broken by a bludger? He got out his soldering iron, which is essentially a red-hot piece of metal, and begun cutting me with a razor blade. I swear to god that I lost at least a litre of blood before he begun taking the soldering iron to my open wounds – cauterising them; but he must have been helping me by doing that, right? After all, Dumbledore is pretty fucking certain that they are my family! He then, once my bleeding was stemmed, poured methylated spirits over my now seared wounds – but he must've been sanitizing them, right? Because a GODDAMN FAMILY WOULDN'T DO THAT JUST TO FUCK YOU UP NOW, WOULD THEY!

"And then, and then he decided, after three more hours of torture, to bring Dudley home from school to join in the fun. Dudley brought some great ideas to the table, like ripping out all the nails on my body with pliers – and then searing the bleeding remains with the soldering iron, and then the dandy concept that taking to my ribs with a crowbar would knock some sense into me. You should note that he didn't just clobber me with the bloody thing, he actually used the crowbar as it should be; he pried my ribs using each other until they snapped. Of course this actually broke the skin and punctured into my body cavity where all my vital organs are; but I should've been happy to be a part of the male bonding experience now, should I? They then used the crowbar to break both my arms, before throwing me back into my cupboard – to lie on sheets that hadn't been washed once in five years."

He unbuttoned his shirt and exposed his torso for McGonagall to see, and the woman felt like vomiting. There was a lattice of spiderweb-thin scars over his body, with the larger, more pronounced scars along his ribs where the crowbar had punctured his skin. He covered them back up after a moment before returning to his story. "While they were doing all this, I should mention that they called me a freak, and told me that nobody loved me – while enforcing the idea that my parents had thrown me in a dumpster after kicking me around like a football, and that that was where they found me.

"On to when I was eight then. I had begun wondering just how I had healed from the brutal beating, as for why it took me so long, it's pretty hard to think when, as soon as you've finished your chores for the night, your uncle holds you still, calls 'batter up!' and has his son smash you in the head with a baseball bat. When I mentioned this to my 'Auntie', she immediately called Vernon home from work for a repeat performance of when I was six. Suffice to say that I never asked again, even after finding out that I had healed – minus more scars, seven days later after being deprived of food and water.

"I enjoyed my goodnight sessions with Vernon and Dudley until my first year at Hogwarts, after which they decided to up the ante because they didn't see me as much anymore. The cat-o-nine-tails came in at that point; twenty five to the back from each of them, followed by my favourite game of knock-Harry-out-with-a-blunt-metal-object. They stopped it a year and a half ago when I started using wandless magic to cast not-notice-me charms. I think we've covered why the Dursleys is no longer my home." He had noted her looking rather sick, and so wandlessly conjured a bucket onto her lap, a bucket that was quickly employed for its intended use. After she had finished emptying her stomach he continued – forcing his anger down and sending constant reassurance to Tonks to make sure that she didn't apparate right through the bloody wards to reach him.

"Next topic: my being too young to understand love. I would debate that I am too young, but would agree if it was amended to 'too fucked up' to understand love. I definitely agree to that – but wait! No, because you see, Dumbledore maintains that they love me deep down – and so I can't be right; what they did to me must be normal and completely condonable; hell, I do understand love! Beat the

living shit out of them and then torture them until they beg to die just to escape the pain and hate surrounding them. That must be it, because Dumbledore's always right, isn't he? I might just have to put that into practice tonight and torture Tonks to show her just how much I love her." He snorted angrily. "Screw that; I love her more than life itself – I die, she dies, and vice versa. How I know what love is I haven't the faintest, because I sure as shit didn't learn it from those bastards."

He took a minute to calm himself before moving onto more tranquil waters. "Next up: I just want her for her body. Bollocks; complete and utter bollocks. I'll be the first to admit that I absolutely love her body, and that I find her to be the most beautiful woman I have, and will ever see, meet, or hear about – and that I have made love to that body more times than I can count, and screw being a minor. I can easily say that her body makes my heart race like nothing else on this Earth, and that she is one hell of a lover – but saying that I want her for just her body is like saying that the Crumple-Horned Snorkaks don't exist: nonsense. I love her for far more than her physical body Professor.

"She was the first person in my entire life to say the words 'I love you'. She was the first person in my life that accepted me fully for who I was – and she will be the only person that ever will; nobody besides her will ever fully know me. She helped me out of a depression that would have had me dead had it gone on three days longer, and then she stayed beside me and made life bearable, even likable again. She was the first person that ever kissed me in more than a chaste manner; because Cho's sopping wet kiss just doesn't count for shit in my book." He could see that his frequent use of profanity was wearing on his Professor's nerves – even though she frequently looked to the bucket as she gagged; still catching mental images of the horrors of his early life, and so he inwardly took note to tone it down.

"She is funny, she is smart, she is loving, she is head-strong and won't hesitate to state her opinion; she doesn't take crap from anyone, even me, and she is more than capable of taking care of herself. She is so strong; the number of times she had been abused for being a metamorph, and a half-blood, is astounding – and don't think for one second that the abuse is limited to verbal. She is such a beautiful person; I have no idea how she is who she is when I take into consideration the horrible things she has experienced." He

chuckled to himself. "Of course she is adamant that I'm far more impressive in that respect; but it will just be one of those things that we will never agree on." He was silent for a moment before snapping back to reality; having gotten caught up in the love in their bond.

"Her using me for money...not a happening thing. I'll kill two birds with one stone with this answer, and then I will leave after making you perform an oath. There was the protest that I was too young, and that she was using me for money – so here we go." He lay his hand on the table once again and made the ring visible. "She placed this ring on me, and I placed her ring on her. As soon as they were in place on out ring fingers, the ritual begun. First was the forming of the bond between us – and you must understand that the bond is beyond understanding on a mortal sense; it will transcend death, such is its power. The bond took about an hour to form, though neither of us was aware of the time passing, as we were unconscious – after which the emotional link was established." He smiled. "I can feel Tonks right now; she's...happy...but frustrated. I can only assume that her new job is exciting, but one of her students is being a pain in the arse." His smile softened when he felt another wave run over him.

"There is of course, the feeling of love which is a constant over our bond; and the wonderful thing is that it dwarfs all other emotions, because it is both the strongest, and the most important to both of us. In lives where we were starved of it, it means the world to us – and only because it comes from us." He shook himself after a moment and continued, noticing that the green tinge to the Scotswoman's cheeks had diminished only slightly. "And then the bond performs a rather invasive action, an action which drove the past wearers to go insane and kill each other...not a nice way to go. The bond transfers our life's memories to each other."

McGonagall blanched at the implications of such an act; she thought that Legilimency was invasive, but to have absolutely nothing, nothing at all sacred; everything – every feeling, sight, smell and sound shared with another was daunting, and downright terrifying. Harry saw her comprehension and nodded while smiling. "It took thirteen hours for the merger to complete, and the memories to be fully integrated with each other, and then we awoke." He looked at Minerva seriously. "You have absolutely no idea how terrified I felt, no idea in hell. The woman who I loved had just received every

memory of my torture and horror, and I was afraid that she would hate me because of what I was; nothing more than a broken man. And then she cried." He could see the Scotswoman's confusion and smiled. "She cried for me. She cried because she loved me and was amazed that I not only loved her back, but could love her back after such a life."

He hastily wiped a tear away before it rolled down his cheek and took another deep breath. "She still loved me, and I could feel it – it was like I had just woken up beside Tonks on a weekend and had been told that I could sleep in for as long as I liked with my electric blanket on full with snow falling outside the window, and that feeling of contentedness never ended; I feel it even now."

He looked his teacher dead in the eye with his next sentences. "I know everything about her, and to my amazement, she loves me simply for me. I can't fathom how that is possible, and she has told me that she feels the same when it comes to my love for her. As for your first question, I have a question of my own. Now that you know, do you still think that I am a fifteen-year-old boy? Do you still think I am too young?"

She didn't even speak; she couldn't even if she tried, and so for the first time in fifty years, a speechless Minerva McGonagall was reduced to simply shaking her head. Harry made sure that she understood the seriousness, and the truth of all he had spoken by holding her gaze for a moment longer than necessary, before pulling his wand from his robes. "I, Minerva McGonagall, hereby swear on my magic and my life that I will not divulge nor hint in any way, in any sense what has transpired in this office regards my meeting with Harry Potter. I also swear on the same terms that I will not divulge any information whatsoever on the relationship, in any capacity as it currently is, save for 'professional', between Harry Potter and Nymphadora Potter."

She looked stunned, and he looked at her. "You simply have to touch my wand and nod Professor, that is all." She did so, and a flash told them both that the oath had been accepted by her magic. Harry stood nodded to her. "I expect that that will end any arguments against my new home, marriage to Tonks, and the presence of a real-as-life doppelganger in my dorm when I am actually at home with my wife. You will, of course, now understand that it is imperative that Dumbledore not be made aware of any of

this in any capacity – I will dictate the pace of the war against Voldemort and him at my own leisure; I bloody well deserve the privilege." And with those last lingering words, Harry Potter left Minerva McGonagall sitting at a desk with a bucket of her own vomit on her lap, wishing that she had far, far more time to process the new information before her next class arrived.

The twins were in a rather lucrative business, however much they didn't want to be. When Harry had first asked them to craft his doppelganger, they had spent nearly the entire afternoon constructing the wards and runes that would allow such a thing to even be possible, and had taken another three hours on top of that to perfect the charms. Harry had been very impressed with their spell work, and so had begun paying them thirty galleons for every doppelganger they made – and considering that they could be shrunk and then reused, it was an impressive deal that the twins swore not to offer to anybody outside of Harry's influence.

It was March the 22nd, and a party was in full swing at Potter Manor. Over the weeks that followed his interrogation by Dumbledore, Harry had slowly begun recruiting more of his friends into his very exclusive club. Each person was given a complimentary doppelganger of course; Harry would give anything to keep his friends safe – and he considered thirty galleons to be far too little, but had been forced to agree at the price else Fred and George told him they would stop making them. Neville and Draco were on the deck tending to the barbecue with butterbeers in hand, laughing at one of Crab and Goyle's recent misfortunes which the two had been planning for some weeks; Hermione was sitting with Tonks discussing Phoenixes and why they had such a light affinity – which had Harry smiling widely at thoughts of what was to come later in the night; Susan Bones and Luna were looking over one of Harry's dark magic tomes; and Fred and George were showing Daphne Greengrass how they made the doppelgangers.

If any other person save for any of those present saw the gathering, they would wonder just what in the hell was going on. Blood status, gender, house; nothing seemed to matter in the small group – they didn't care about any of it, and Harry couldn't help but smile warmly at the scene – one-nil to the Marauders against bigotry. Harry finished making the dessert and checked to see how Dobby was doing before handing Winky a glass of cold pumpkin juice and placing another in front of Griphook who had just arrived and had taken a seat at the counter. "You do realize just how revolutionary this is Harry, don't you?"

Harry chuckled and took a seat opposite the goblin. "I am aware of it, but I didn't try specifically to do so; I just found people that had the same views as me and brought them together; and it's reward enough to know that some, if not all the friendships formed in this

group will last a lifetime, perhaps even longer in some cases." Harry smiled at the relaxed, chatting group. "It's all I want."

Griphook was silent for a moment before getting Harry's attention with a small tap on the table – which turned out to be a wand touching the wood. Harry looked at the pure white shaft in amazement; he had never seen anything like it before in his life, and doubted that he was unique in that respect. "Thirteen and three tenth inches, unicorn bone shaft." Harry looked at the wand with a new respect from just that explanation alone, but Griphook was not yet done. "First core is white phoenix feather, second core is red phoenix feather." Harry's head snapped up at that, and Griphook bared his sharp teeth. "Yes Mister Potter; you and your wife's phoenixes produced the feathers – two each in fact; I have yet to give your wife her wand – which is eleven and four tenth inches." Harry reached out his hand tentatively, and he felt a rush of warmth flood through him when his fingers brushed the gold-veined wand.

He could feel Tonks' surprise over the bond, and had no doubt that she was looking his way at that very moment. Harry took it in his hand and could feel it seamlessly working alongside his magic, and it was with a look of awe that Harry stared at Griphook. "How?"

The goblin's grin widened. "Well it was all contingent upon your answer to my question earlier, Mister Potter; had you said anything but what you did, I would not have handed the wands to either you or your wife – you simply would not have been worthy, even though the wands were made specifically for you. I would have enjoyed dinner and then returned to Gringotts to have them destroyed. As for how Mister Potter, even our wandcrafter has no idea. Your phoenixes flared into his office one afternoon, donated two of their tail feathers each, touched him on the forehead with their beaks to send him a message regarding wand length and material, and then disappeared."

Harry looked over at Hedwig in astonishment, before looking back at the wand in his hand, and then back at Griphook. "May I?"

The Goblin grinned even wider, a feat that Harry had previously thought impossible. "I thought you would never ask Mister Potter; I've been looking forward to seeing what it can do all day." Harry nodded mutely and stood from his chair before walking outside. All conversation ceased when they caught sight of the wand in his hand

– and so it was in complete silence that Harry stood at the edge of the meadow before flinging out his hand. "Incendio Lassus!"

Nobody had ever seen anything like it before in their lives. Harry could literally feel the magic coursing through him, and had to turn his head and cast a wandless protective charm around himself so as not to be burned by the wall of white-hot fire that erupted from his wand. Everyone else however, watched as the flames filled the sky in front of their very eyes, before dissipating with a blast of searing hot air nearly five hundred meters above them. Harry lowered his hand and looked up at the fading light in awe, before turning back to the assembled group and collapsing into a chair that his wife conjured in a nick of time. Everybody knew that it wasn't from exhaustion; hell, if they had been in Harry's position then they would have needed a chair as well.

It was a testament to both Harry, and the group assembled when they all returned to their conversations after about ten seconds; crazy, impossible things were always bound to occur in Harry's company, and you simply had to get used to it else you'd find your jaw scraping across the floor every second you were around him. Harry vaguely waved his hand and conjured a seat for Griphook, before noticing his wife had broken off her conversation with Hermione, and was instead standing in front of him – a concerned look on her face. "You okay love?"

Harry nodded, and then seemed to snap out of it before turning to Griphook. "Missus Potter," she turned to the Goblin and then had to conjure a chair for herself when she saw a near-identical wand to Harry's held out to her. "As with your husband, the shaft is made of Unicorn bone, and the cores are white and red phoenix. Your wand however, is slightly shorter at eleven and four tenths inches."

"Two cores?" She breathed in awe, and Griphook nodded before placing the wand in her outstretched hand. Harry could feel the warmth and acceptance over their bond, and smiled at his wife before nodding to her with a smile. She stood from her seat and walked to the edge of the deck, much like Harry had done, and held out her new wand before weaving it in a complex pattern. Harry had been intending to do the exact same thing at a later point in the day, but he watched in awe as the wards surrounding the meadow became visible to all present. She glanced over the runes, and then unshrunk a book in her pocket before placing it on the railing in front

of her – this would be the ultimate test; with her previous wand, hell, even with Harry and his old wand – the 'brother' wand to Tom Riddle's – reworking, modifying, and strengthening the wards simply would have been impossible to do singlehandedly.

Harry knew what she was going to do, and decided that going half-arsed wasn't their style, and it would be something fun to do with his wife. He stood from his chair and walked to her side, and wrapped his arm around her waist. She smiled when she saw him unshrunk a pure white tome from his pocket and levitate it in front of him. With a peck to her cheek he released her from the slight embrace and took a step to the side so that they both had some space.

What followed was nothing short of spectacular, and the twins really wanted to know how they did it; it would make them a lot of money in fireworks shows. They quickly stopped asking when they found out just what was involved however. The wards lit up as various runes were uncovered on the purple globe surrounding the property, and glowed an aerie green as the symbols were rearranged into new, far, far more powerful shapes which changed the horizon from the patented Gringotts Ward Maker purple to an amazing golden hue which rippled in the fading sunlight. And then the real warding begun. Wards which had faded from history begun their reappearance into the new world; their powerful white fields hugging to the inside of the recently reinforced Gringotts wards. One on top of the other they begun to bleach out the night sky until such a point that every square inch above their heads was a pure white – but not blindingly so.

Finally the two ward makers smiled at each other and let their lips meet while casting the last spell wordlessly. The last ward formed by their kiss solidified against the barrier and then flared a brilliant gold before slowly fading along with the other wards until only the sparkling night sky was left. Conversation took a little longer than ten seconds to re-establish itself after that, in fact it took an entire three minutes before the first person spoke, and that person was Griphook – and even he spluttered for quite some time before actually managing to get the words out. "You two can work for Gringotts as Master Warders for triple the maximum wage any time you want." Judging by his awed expression, the two lovers had a feeling that the wards surrounding Potter Manor were significantly stronger than the wizarding bank to which the Goblin was referring to.

After a moment of silent talking between Harry and Tonks, the former took a step forward and bowed, amazing the Goblin, before straightening and baring his teeth in much the same manner a Goblin would when honoured, and extremely happy. "After this war has ended Griphook, my wife and I would happily agree to employment by Gringotts – on one condition however."

Griphook was under no illusions that Gringotts would bend over backwards to meet any term whatsoever to have the two employed, but the reason that Tonks stepped forward and gave a moment later had his jaw hanging – something that he had assured himself he would never do in the company of Harry ever again. "We would like to train other Gringotts Warders, of your choosing, in the warding techniques we just used."

Griphook, and the other guests were stunned at the condition that the couple had put forward, and it was another thirty seconds before the astounded Goblin could speak once more. "Your condition is to allow you to give your knowledge to other Gringotts Warders of our choice?"

Tonks nodded and lent into Harry before answering. "My husband is considered a member of the Goblin nation, and I can only wish I had the same privilege; what kind of people would we be if we didn't share knowledge that would help re-establish the world's trust in you?"

Griphook was completely gobsmacked at the two people in front of him. Gringotts would pay them a hundred no; a thousand times the maximum wage of their highest Ward Maker to teach their people the skills they had just displayed, and yet they had just agreed to a proposal of employment, and had offered to teach the Ward Masters of Gringotts's choosing their secrets. Griphook knew full well that the couple would keep their fair share of their methods and wards a secret, but even to teach a tenth of what they had shown at Potter Manor that day was still unfathomable. Griphook made the decision right there and then.

"Nymphadora Potter, you have stood by your husband who is considered of the Goblin Nation's brethren, and are bound to him for all eternity. You, without even being one of us, offer us so much more than we had ever hoped, or even wished for, without any hesitation whatsoever. You are, without a doubt, one of us. As of

this moment you are, and always will be, one of us – it is an honour to have you as one of the Goblin Nation."

The one thing that Griphook hadn't been expecting happened at that moment, although he really shouldn't have been surprised. He was lifted off his feet, and brought into a huge hug with said witch who was now a sister, and was exposed to a fair amount of excited squealing. Harry watched the two happily and leant on one of the banisters while tucking his new wand into his arm holster; discarding Voldemort's brother wand after wandlessly disintegrating it – goodbye Priori Incantatem. After a minute or so, Tonks released the small Goblin and lowered him back to the ground, where he wobbled for a moment before regaining his senses and giving her a wide smile. "It is an honour sister." He then turned to the raven-haired wizard who had been standing aside watching happily. "Harry brother, I know that it was not just your wife that made the decision, and I thank you once again – the Goblin Nation is once again in your debt."

"I know Goblin's hate being in debt, and considering that I'm now one of you, and I also hate being in debt, especially to myself, I think we could just forego that and call it even."

Griphook couldn't help but laugh. "Although I expected you to say something like that, it is still an honour to be your brother." Harry gave a slight nod of his head with a small smile on his lips, and Griphook did the same before clapping his hands to summon his cloak. "But alas I have dillydallied here long enough, especially with what has transpired here tonight – although please invite me to your next gathering; I would love to have dinner with you – it's just that King Fassir will wish to know about his new sister, and of your warding skills."

He frowned when he remembered something, and Harry grinned after correctly guessing his concern. "You have been added to the wards Griphook, although you may wish to warn any Goblin, including the King, that should they attempt to pop in without prior permission then they will find themselves diverted to a rather heavily shark infested patch of water off the northern coast of California."

Griphook grinned at the information and nodded before apparating away almost silently. Conversation had tentatively started up again about halfway through Harry and Tonks' conversation with the

Goblin, but the tension was released when Harry's stomach let off a rather loud and embarrassing rumble – causing said wizard to blush profusely and stand awkwardly beside his wife. Draco sighed and clanged his tongs against the barbecue. "Okay you lot; the saviour of the wizarding world is getting hungry, get off your chuffs, grab a plate, and eat!"

A/N: Meet the parents time! Had to happen sooner or later, so here it is people; I really hope you enjoy it. Also, if you have any plot ideas at all, please PM me or review with your thoughts; I have writer's block on this story at the moment.

Tonks couldn't help but let a smile spread over her face when they popped into the small park, and Harry looked at her with a small grin quirking his lips. "Bring back memories?" She nodded, and then dragged him over to a tree beside one of the swings – before squinting to see in the darkness. Harry cast a small, wandless *lumos* and she nodded her thanks before finding what she was looking for, and a sad smile took the place of her previous one. Harry leaned closer, and growled lowly at what was carved deep into the wood.

Nobody + Tonks

Harry placed his hand over the carving, and then removed it a moment later before kissing his wife on the cheek and leading her away from the less than pleasant memory. Harry could remember the day that one of Tonks's childhood bullies had carved it into the surface, and had already begun forming a plan now that he had seen the sadness in his wife's gaze. He hoped the 'Harry and Tonks Forever' cheered her up slightly. They walked back to the park chair and Harry looked up at the dark sky, before letting out a huge sigh. He felt Tonks chuckle against his chest. "A little scared there love?"

He nodded seriously. "Voldemort attacking me right now gives me happy tingles down my spine; at least I could beg off meeting your father for another day."

"He's not that bad Harry."

He looked down at her with disbelieving eyes. "Says you; not only haven't they seen you in over a year, but you're also now married – to a sixteen year-old no less, who just so happens to be the man that Voldemort is determined to kill. Oh, yeah, and after him there's also the other wizard who is seen as the most powerful in the world – he's after said husband as well." He smiled down at her. "I can just see the joyous welcome right now."

She slapped him playfully on the arm before pulling him reluctantly to his feet. "It won't be that bad; we'll just break it to them slowly, like we talked about."

"I gave my will to Griphook last night; just thought you ought to know."

"Harry!"

"Sorry, but seriously, if I die-"

He was cut off by Tonks pressing her lips to his, and he quickly wrapped his arms around her back- hoping to kiss her enough that she would forget about the meeting with her parents. He knew it was a long shot, a very long shot, but he figured it was worth a try. Finally, after several minutes, she broke away with a dazed look in her eyes. "Nice try love."

Harry groaned and buried his head in her hair. "Damn, I was really hoping that would work."

She sniggered and begun dragging him to the end of the cul-de-sac. "I know you did, but if it's any consolation, that felt really, really good."

Harry stopped resisting and brought her into his side with a chuckle. "I'd agree with you there – but time to act a little less cosy." He pushed her away slightly and walked about a step to her left, and he saw her shiver slightly – and groaned. "You really know how to tempt me, don't you?"

He saw the sly grin on her face as she walked up the steps to the small house, and waited for him to stand beside her before ringing the doorbell. After a few moments, there was the sound of a dull thudding, and then the door cracked open slightly to reveal the face of an elderly, brown-haired witch. "Tonks, what did you call the first pet you ever had?"

Harry already knew the answer, but kept his mouth firmly shut while his wife replied. "Parker, and his partner was Penelope." Harry chuckled at the childhood names for the squirrels, but breathed an unconscious sigh of relief when the woman opened up the door and engulfed Tonks in a hug. "Sorry about that sweetheart, but you know how careful we need to be with the Death Eaters these days."

Tonks nodded and pulled back before turning to Harry. "Mum, this is Harry – a friend of mine."

Harry nearly barked in laughter, but managed to hold it in as he shook his mother-in-law's hand, not that she was aware of her status in Harry's life of course. "It's a pleasure to meet you finally Missus Tonks, I've heard a lot about you from Nymphadora." He had changed to Tonks's given name at the last second, thinking that saying Missus Tonks and Tonks in the same sentence would sound quite odd – but it also had the unexpected, although not unwelcome side effect of causing Andromeda to wince; awaiting what she considered to be the inevitable outburst. When none came, and she saw the pair looking completely normal, she frowned before ushering them inside; giving Harry an odd look as he passed.

Harry followed Tonks into the living room, and whispered to her when he got close enough. "Whoops."

She chuckled and nodded in agreement, before hurriedly whispering to him before they entered the room in front of them. "You know very well that even Dad gets yelled at if he calls me that; you're the only one who I don't mind."

Harry knew that very well, and had to hide his grin when his wife's father came into view – his eyes rooted to the telly; his eyes wide as he yelled at the umpire on the big screen. "BOLLOCKS! THAT WAS A FOUL!" It took a rather loud cough from Andromeda to break him out of his angered mumbling that followed, and he finally caught sight of his daughter – which immediately brought a smile to his face. "Poppet!" Harry watched the reunion with a small smile on his face; happy that he at least had Tonks's memories of a happy family. Andromeda saw Harry's slightly sad expression, and vowed to ask him about it later. It was after about a minute of fussing over Tonks that Ted noticed Harry, and the raven-haired wizard was not overly surprised at the slightly suspicious glare. The only reason it was only slightly suspicious was probably due to his age – Harry was coming to dread the revelation more and more.

"And you are?"

"Harry, sir, Harry Potter; I'm a friend of Nymphadora's." Once again, Harry saw the man flinch and step away to give his daughter space to slap the raven-haired wizard, but was appalled when she instead

collapsed onto the couch and begun flicking through the channels. Harry held out his hand like nothing was the matter and smiled at Ted. "I've heard a lot about you."

The blonde-haired man slowly took Harry's hand, and was pleasantly surprised at the firm handshake he received. He was immediately impressed. "A firm handshake there son!" Harry flinched at the term; the man had no idea just how much of a son he was.

"No thanks to my caregi- relatives at all I assure you sir." Ted was confused at the statement, which was only furthered by Harry's slightly dark expression.

He was about to ask about what the young man had meant, but the expression disappeared as soon as the thought entered his head, and he instead moved the matter to the back of his mind before moving on to other questions after Harry had taken a seat next to Tonks. "So Harry, how old are you?"

"Sixteen sir."

Ted smiled in relief at the number, and Harry cringed before quickly hiding the expression – much to Tonks's amusement; he'd swear by the way she was acting that she was enjoying his discomfort. "Just call me Ted, Harry. So how did you and Nymphya-"

"Don't you even dare call me that Dad."

Ted looked completely taken aback, as did Andromeda who was listening in from the kitchen – finishing cooking the dinner. "Wh-umm...okay...urm, so how did you and my daughter get to know each other?"

"Well I first met Tonks at the beginning of last year, but I'd heard a little about her beforehand – like how she was an Auror and all." When he saw Ted about to ask the next logical question he smiled. "And yes, I know she's not an Auror now."

Ted ahh'ed and then moved on, taking a sip of beer from the bottle in his hand. "Mm, I was proud as hell when I heard Tonks made the Auror Corp, although I must admit that I was a bit freaked out when 'Meda explained exactly what the job entailed."

Harry laughed and nodded in agreement before wandlessly pulling two butterbeer from his fridge at home, handing one to Tonks before cracking open his and taking a swallow. "Yeah, I'd be a little freaked out as well; hell, the only reason I wasn't is because I've seen her in action, and I've got the bruises to prove it."

He chuckled a bit, but caught sight of Ted's incredulous expression – missing Andromeda's. "You've fought Tonks?" Harry nodded and took another sip while Ted floundered for another sentence. "But...well how did you do?"

"Well it took me half an hour to get her in a bodybind, but she got out of that in a jiffy, so I had to put her down using an incarcerous. She was bloody furious that she couldn't move, but then I reminded her that I did use my wand for that spell."

There was a crash from the kitchen when Harry said that, and they all turned to see Andromeda pale faced. "So that means...that means that you faced Tonks wandlessly?"

Harry nodded simply and took another swig of his butterbeer, only to find it half-empty due to his wife's sneaky sips while he talked. He glared at her slightly, but grinned when she whistled innocently. "Yes Missus Tonks, though Nymphadora was duelling wandlessly as well; last time I checked she could go about four hours head-to-head with me without wands before I won out."

Andromeda turned to Tonks, amazed. "You can do wandless magic?"

Tonks nodded, and blushed slightly. "Only because Harry taught me though, I could never get it beforehand." Harry chuckled slightly; his memories and magical reserves had allowed her to do many things.

Ted however, looked at Harry in a completely different light – relief running through him. Anybody who was eight years younger than his daughter and who could beat her in a duel couldn't be in a relationship with his honeypuff; she'd rip their throats out. He frowned as a rather large observation came to the front of his mind; she didn't hit him when he called her Nymphadora...she even looked like she smiled slightly...no, it's just because he's taught her

a lot is all. "Well, that's quite impressive Harry – so what do you do for a living?"

"Me? Well I get chased around and hunted by Dark Lords a lot of the time, but occasionally I come face to face with one of the snotty sods and blast them off the face of the Earth." He noticed his wife's cheeky grin as she watched the telly, and didn't miss her parent's open jaws either. He let a frown cross his face. "Real tricky one at the moment though; goes by the name Voldemort – I've killed him three times but he just keeps coming back." He shrugged, "Other than that I'm just a student at Hogwarts."

He grinned at them and chuckled. "Sorry, but I just couldn't resist." He held out his hand to Ted yet again. "I'm Harry Potter, as in The-Boy-Who-Lived – it's a pleasure to meet you both at last."

Ted shook his hand numbly, while Andromeda looked quite humbled. "I'm sorry Mister Potter, had I known you were coming I would've taken us out for dinn–"

Before she knew what was happening she found his hand on her shoulder, with a smile on his lips. "Missus Tonks, I am just Harry; I'm not the fortunate, famous, wealthy, saviour of the wizarding world at the moment; that Harry only makes an appearance when some Dark Lord needs to be put in his place, okay?" She nodded dumbly and Harry took a sniff before closing his eyes happily. "Mmm, smells like a good chicken roast – I can see where Nymphadora got her cooking skills from."

The brown-haired witch had been putting down Harry's use of her daughter's first name, and her daughter's lack of reaction, to Tonks just not paying attention to what was said – but she couldn't entertain the notion any longer when she saw the teasing look on her face. "Winky said that my cooking was better than yours."

Harry scoffed and dropped his hand from Andromeda's shoulder before returning to his seat beside the pink-haired witch and holding his finger up before adopting a lecturing tone. "I believe that Winky said that your dessert – notice the lack of a plural – was better than mine on that night only." Tonks scowled, forcing the grin back, and Harry sat back in triumph. "Besides, Dobby says my cooking is always the best."

Tonks snorted and poked Harry in the chest. "You know he'd never say any different."

"Says the woman that tried to bribe said house elf." Tonks blanched, and Harry chuckled before pushing her shoulder lightly. "Yeah, I know all about your little attempts to corrupt my little friend."

"Ummm...who are Dobby and Winky?"

Tonks turned to her mother and smiled. "Harry's house elves, and our friends."

"Friends?"

Tonks nodded. "Uhuh, Harry and Dobby talk like they've been friends for years, and I've managed to strike up a friendship with Winky as well."

Harry saw his mother-in-law's astounded look and chuckled. "Missus Tonks, I'm far from what is considered normal, in fact my being friends with house elves is probably one of the more normal things about me."

She thought for a couple of moments before nodding with a small smile. "Just call me 'Meda, Harry, and I'm glad that there is someone else apart from me that doesn't think of house elves as slaves." Harry nodded and turned to Tonks, who was carefully tracing symbols into the air with her finger – humming in thought while looking at the blue lines left behind. Harry noticed Ted's interest in what she was doing, and explained. "She's reviewing the wards around this house – who did your warding?"

"Oh, an old family friend – goodness knows the last time we had them checked." Harry could tell the age of the wards just from the air around him, and leant over before tracing a few lines where Tonks had been looking. She ahh'ed when she saw the corrections he had made, and pecked him lightly on the cheek before turning back and tracing the new symbols in earnest. Harry watched her with interest, and had to refrain from leaning over and kissing her on the lips; she always looked so cute when she was concentrating. The thought of kissing her however, brought forth a more pressing concern – in the form of her having just kissed him on the cheek, and her father being present in the same room. When he turned slightly to look at

said man, he winced at the cold glare he was receiving, and quickly returned to looking at Tonks work her magic.

Tonks was too busy to notice the tension in the room, and Harry grabbed the opportunity to set the table when Andromeda asked for some help. He felt Ted's eyes boring into his back as he passed, but forced himself to appear calm – while on the inside he was packing himself. He managed to set four places with help from the woman of the house, before sitting at the table and watching Andromeda cook. She turned around at some point and noticed him watching, before smiling and sitting opposite while keeping an eye on the timer. "So Harry, how did you meet Tonks?"

"Through the Order of the Phoenix actually."

This raised an eyebrow. "You're a member?"

Harry chuckled bitterly and shook his head. "No, although by all rights I should be – I've faced Voldemort five times after all, and I've killed him on three of those occasions." He shook himself and smiled back at her. "But that's neither here nor there. I saw her one night at a meeting, but I got to know her the next day when I caught her from falling face first down the stairs. She thanked me and then we talked for a bit – but she had to leave to go to the Ministry shortly after. Whenever she was at the Order Headquarters we caught up though, and we became friends after a short while."

She nodded and thought for a moment before bringing up the topic that had been bothering her since he had entered the living room. "I noticed you looked sad when Tonks hugged Ted."

Harry tensed slightly, and he stiffly replied. "Bad childhood I'm afraid, I'd rather not talk about it."

She nodded in understanding, but found herself wondering what he could possibly be talking about; he was the Boy-Who-Lived for goodness sake – it couldn't have been that bad. Harry had caught the tail-end of that particular thought and sighed before unbuttoning the top few buttons of his shirt; baring the top of his chest to her. She drew in a horrified gasp at what she saw, and Harry quickly buttoned it back up before leaning forwards and resting his chin on his clasped hands. "It was that bad I'm afraid."

She jolted slightly and he chuckled – the mood lightening slightly. "I'm very in tune with the magic around me 'Meda; when someone is feeling particularly strongly about something then I find myself unconsciously performing Legilimency. I apologise for intruding."

She shook her head and smiled at him. "No need to apologise, I was just a little surprised is all. Can you read my daughter like that?"

Harry smiled warmly and shook his head. "I don't need to." She was confused at that, but he continued with a nervous laugh. "Your husband however, is a slightly different matter." She raised her eyebrows, and he gave her a lopsided grin. "He is currently wondering what the best way to kill me would be – strangulation seems to be the most likely at the moment."

"Bu-wh- why would he want to do that?"

She looked through to the lounge with wide eyes and Harry coughed nervously. "Well, you see, your daughter kissed me on the cheek and he saw."

"She kissed you on the cheek?" Harry nodded and looked at the bench. "That seems to suggest more than friends Harry." He nodded again and she raised her eyebrows. "You're...together?" Nod. "As in girlfriend and boyfriend?" He shook his head and she frowned – but growled the next words angrily. "Friends with benefits?" This had Harry's head snapping up and shaking furiously in an attempt to reassure her that it was nothing of the sort. She calmed at his furious shaking, and then leant forward onto her hands and hummed lightly. "So more than friends, but less than friends with benefits?" She hummed again, but looked up when she heard Harry's strained cough – and her eyes widened when she saw him shaking his head yet again. "Not less than friends with benefits?" she asked, and he shook his head again.

"Harry, just what are you to my daughter?"

Harry tried to answer her right then, he really did, but he couldn't before he confirmed something with her. "Have you ever killed someone 'Meda?" She frowned at the question, and shook her head. "Think you could?"

She frowned, confused at the change in direction. "I...think I could, if my family was in danger."

Harry groaned and plonked his head on the bench – taking a moment to recover before lifting himself up and sitting properly. "Ask me anything about Tonks, anything at all."

Andromeda frowned again at the odd request, but complied, curious as to what he was hedging towards. "Okay, what's her favourite number?"

"Two."

"Hmm, what's her favourite colour?"

He smiled at that. "It used to be blue – but it's red now."

His mother in law blanched. "Really? She used to hate red."

Harry nodded his head. "I think I helped with that."

She frowned but continued; apparently, he was trying to prove that he knew Tonks well. "Okay then, something harder: who was her first boyfriend?"

Harry spluttered for a moment, but gave her the answer she was looking for. "She's never had one."

She frowned; for him to know that was surprising. "What's her aunt's name?"

Harry growled. "Well it depends which one you're talking about; there's Narcissa Malfoy, or there's Bellatrix No-Name, since I disowned her from the Black family."

Andromeda gasped. "You disowned her?"

Harry nodded and spat his next words. "Only befitting of the one that murdered Sirius."

"So...so you're the head of the Black Family?"

Harry nodded and smiled at her. "I was going to offer to reinstate you, but Tonks had a feeling that you would decline due to the fact that your two sisters are death eaters – and would officially be related to you again should you take me up on the offer."

She stammered for a few seconds before managing another question. "What was her first teddy bear called?" And on it went, from questions concerning her favourites to her years at Hogwarts. She even tried to throw him with some more personal questions concerning her abilities as a metamorph, but Harry answered them as easily as he had the favourite colour question. Finally she was forced to resort to the more embarrassing questions.

"What's her bra size?"

Harry blanched at that, and turned slightly pink before forcing out the answer. "Well she gets them custom made actually; so that she can morph without having to worry about it; they just stretch or shrink to whatever proportions she requires."

"I meant her natural size."

Harry frowned, the blush still on his cheeks. "She moved out when she was eighteen, she would've grown a few sizes since then."

He received a glare and he sighed. "34C."

She was shocked that he knew, and then asked the last question – a question that she knew would answer everything. "What colour are her eyes."

Harry looked at her as well, and met her serious gaze with his own. "The most beautiful shade of red I have ever seen, and will ever see in my life."

Andromeda sat back in shock – and Harry had to flick off the oven wandlessly because she didn't hear the alarm. After several minutes she regained her senses and looked at Harry with a softer look. "What are you to my daughter?"

He smiled back and finally revealed his ring to her. "The man that will never ever leave her." She looked at the ring, not comprehending its full implications, and then nodded at him before

calling to Tonks and Ted that dinner was ready. It had been half an hour since Harry had left the lounge, and the pink-haired witch had been getting worried, so she sighed in relief when she saw Harry sitting safe at the kitchen bench. He nodded to his ring and she raised her eyebrows – but smiled and did the same when she felt the rush of reassurance over their bond.

It was halfway through dinner that Ted realized that the man he was glaring at was wearing a ring, and once again he relaxed – jumping to the wrong conclusion. "So, Harry, a married man are you?"

Harry nodded and swallowed before smiling. "I've been married for almost a year now; my anniversary is next Wednesday in fact."

Ted nodded enthusiastically. "Congratulations, it's not often that people find love so early in their lives."

Harry nodded and smiled, forcing himself not to look up and get lost in Tonks's eyes. "Yeah, she's great."

Ted ate another roast potato and leant forward. "So, what kind of person is she?"

Harry couldn't help but catch Tonks's eye for a moment, but hurriedly looked back at Ted, who was eagerly awaiting his answer. "What can I say? She is the most wonderful woman I have ever met, and ever will meet."

Ted winked at him. "Ah, a bit of a looker then."

Harry dropped to a whisper with his answer. "You have no idea." Even Andromeda looked surprised at the emotion in his answer, and Harry smiled warmly when he felt the love swell over their connection. He shook himself after a moment and looked back at the blonde-haired man. "She's older than me and she used to work for the Ministry, but she recently quit; she just didn't agree with the corruption that had spread through its ranks – I can't help but agree; hell, even Fudge is taking bribes from that bastard Malfoy."

Ted nodded and grumbled his agreement, chewing on another potato as Harry continued. "But the work that she did represented her personality to a T. She fought for what she believed in and would do damn near anything to make sure justice was served." He

smiled at Ted. "She is amazing. She cares for every person, whether Goblin, House elf, Werewolf, or wizard; nobody is undeserving of a chance. And she cares." He wiped his mouth with a napkin and sat back in his chair, taking a break from eating. "I was in a depression after Sirius was murdered, I thought I had something to do with his death – hell, I thought that I had killed him." He could see Andromeda's horrified expression in his peripheral vision, and Ted had much the same look about him as well.

"I arrived from Hogwarts in a daze, went straight to my room, collapsed onto my bed, and didn't move, drink, or eat for five days. I think that I wanted to die." He smiled to calm their now dropped jaws, and he understood that they were wondering just how he turned out to be so friendly. "I am the person I am now because of her. She came to my house to see how I was holding up, and before I even saw her – hell, I just heard her voice, I snapped out of it. It turned out that my uncle was about to stab her in the back with a knife, but I sent a bone-crushing curse to sort him out, and then everything changed for me. She was horrified at the conditions I had been living in, and immediately set out to make things better for me. I went and showered after I realized the state I was in, and then came back to find my room expanded, cleaned, and looking like a five star hotel. But that didn't matter to me, because she was there and I felt safe.

"From that point on I changed for the better. I knew that I liked her, and I found her incredibly attractive even then – but I didn't know what to do about it." He chuckled and took a mouthful of chicken. "She changed that too. I knew a week after she moved in that she was the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with – but in all honesty I felt like I didn't deserve her. She was, and is still the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, she's smart, and funny, and caring, and kind, and I didn't see why she would chose me when she could have anybody she wanted. Three weeks later I asked her to be with me forever, and she accepted." He smiled warmly at Tonks, but averted his gaze to the far distance when Ted looked at him. "I could drive off a hundred- no, a thousand Dementors with that memory – and I have no doubt that I'll end up doing just that before this war is over. It is the happiest moment of my life, and the good times just keep on coming."

"Wow." Harry nodded his agreement at Ted's excellent statement. The next statement, and the unexpected answer that followed, had Ted spluttering in shock, and Harry in horror. "Well congratulations

Harry, it sounds like you're both very much in love with one another – make her happy."

"He already makes me happy."

Harry's butterbeer flew from his mouth on a crash course towards his father-in-law, who was now beginning to comprehend that fact, and would have connected had he not flung out his arm and atomised the spray before it reached him. Ted on the other hand, had dropped his glass and seemed to be oblivious to the contents of said glass emptying onto his lap – the ring on Tonks's hand that he was now staring at probably had something to do with it.

"Harry..."

Said raven-haired teen gulped.

"I can't believe that your mother managed to convince us to stay."

"I can." Harry sighed as he followed his wife up the familiar stairs, and thought back to what had led to him walking to Tonks's old room. After being chased around the house numerous times by her enraged father, he had finally calmed down enough to sit quietly in the lounge to give Harry time to explain. Explanations however, were rather hard to get across when the man who you were explaining to was growling like a pit-bull ready to tear a chunk out of your leg. Explanations however, ceased when Ted had yelled to Harry that he only wanted his daughter for her body and abilities. All protests against the relationship stopped however, when Harry had Ted slammed up against the wall and had delivered the explanation free of any growling saves his own. By the end of it, having explained the rings, Ted and Andromeda had absolutely no doubt that their daughter and Harry were the most loving couple they had ever met.

Which led to the offer that had Harry walking with his wife into her old room. "You must stay the night and tell us about everything tomorrow." Tonks hadn't even bothered protesting, and so Harry followed suit and had agreed, albeit as weakly as his wife. Harry looked around the small room with a loving smile – it was quintessentially Tonks; no pink in this room. The walls were painted a calming navy blue, and her bed sheets were a dark, emerald green. Everything was neatly arranged on her surfaces, where some pictures of her as a teenager and a child rested – otherwise everything was quite impersonal. Harry smiled at his wife and pulled her to his side, where she nuzzled into him with a contented sigh; he knew that she had never felt comfortable expressing herself, and so was happy that their room back at Potter Manor was decorated by the both of them – and that she felt like she could do what she wanted. Harry applied the normal locking and silencing spells before waving his hand to expand the bed slightly, before then calling Winky and nicely asking her to fetch their bedclothes from the Manor.

Soon enough the pair were dressed in their pyjamas and slid under the covers before hugging one another. Harry smiled into her now-black hair and squeezed her tightly. "I'm glad that your parents accepted us."

She smiled into his embrace and squeezed back. "Me too, although I thought that Dad did act a wee bit over the top."

Harry shrugged. "It's what Dads do; I know that it's the exact same treatment our daughter's fiancé is going to get."

She smiled widely into his chest and then leant up to kiss the nape of his neck. "You'll make a great Dad."

He kissed the top of her head. "And you'll make a wonderful mother."

oOoOoOoOo

The morning was far less tense than the night before, although Ted did catch himself glaring at the raven-haired wizard on more than one occasion. He couldn't dismiss the love that both his daughter and Harry had for one another, it was blatantly obvious to the married couple that the relationship between them was far, far deeper than it seemed – and that was saying something. Contrary to what Harry had said about knowing Tonks for just over a year, their actions showed otherwise. It was as if they had been living together forever, and Andromeda found herself slightly jealous at the way they worked together in everything they did, from eating breakfast to clearing the table; they always knew where the other one was, and what they needed. Ted found himself left behind in breakfast as the two buttered each other's toast with an efficiency he could only envy, and so it was just after ten o'clock on the Saturday morning that the couple walked out of the house to go for a walk in the warm July air.

Tonks took Harry to her old elementary school that was about fifteen minutes' walk away, and Harry laughed as she waved her arms around while telling him stories about her days in the schoolyard. He already knew what had happened, but he loved seeing her smiling and happy – and besides, he loved anything about her; even the things he already knew.

When they came to the school's flagpole Harry couldn't help but burst into laughter. Tonks blushed a bright red and Harry pulled her into his side where she buried her head into his chest. "Well I think I can tell this story love." He felt her mumble into his shirt but ignored it. "Nymphadora Tonks-now-Potter-Black, eight years old, had her first bout of accidental magic – sending the school bully to the top of the flagpole in only her knickers." She groaned in embarrassment and he chuckled as he continued. "And the fire department had an

awfully hard time getting her down, didn't they? Something about an adhesive charm according the Ministry report your mother and father received."

"Shut up." He looked down at her and smiled warmly when he saw the beautiful blush on her cheeks. He tipped her chin up with his finger and kissed her gently – eventually breaking away, happy to see her with a radiant smile on her face instead of the embarrassed frown. He led her away from the amusing memory before walking out of the school gates and thanking the caretaker for allowing them access. Harry knew the area like the back of his hand thanks to his wife, and so he simply let his feet carry him where they wanted, and he smiled when he found himself standing in the small park where they had apparated the night before.

He led Tonks to one of the wooden chairs and smiled while watching some children and their parents play on the equipment. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and she sighed contentedly before leaning into his embrace and resting her head on his chest. "I want our children to grow up like this."

Harry couldn't agree more, and smiled as the mother of one child ran to her daughter when she fell off the see-saw and began crying. He could see himself beside his wife, watching as their kids played while sitting just as they were at that very moment – occasionally waving their hands to catch their children if they fell from the playground equipment. He didn't know how long they sat there, and he didn't care; every moment he spent with his wife was a blessing – and he counted himself lucky. All good things must come to an end sooner or later however, but in this case, in Harry's mind, the good ended, and the better started. He saw the parents pick up their children and leave for lunch, and it was at that very moment that Harry's magic, which was spread out around the area, picked up a familiar presence. His wife hadn't sensed it yet, but Harry allowed himself a grim smile – it was time to heal one of Tonks's wounds, just as she had helped him heal some of his. "Tonks love, Tiffany is here."

He felt her tense, and he kissed her on the top of her head. "Harry, I really don't want to–"

"I know love, but you know that you need to – besides, I'm here, and that means I can help you take care of the small gang she's with."

Tonks frowned and spread out her magic to feel for what Harry had sensed, and huffed when she couldn't make out the presences into clear images. "How many are there?"

Harry hummed for a moment and ticked them off in his head. "Seven, not including your old friend and another female. They're bulky, none of them are magical." She nodded and looked a little nervous, and so Harry leant down and kissed her tenderly; pouring reassurance and love into their bond. He felt her relax into him and he cupped her cheek for a few moments before breaking the contact and pulling her back into his chest. "What are you anxious about?"

She looked up at him and frowned. "You know how much she hurt me Harry."

He kissed her on the forehead and smiled apologetically at her. "I'm sorry; I didn't mean it like that. I know that she hurt you, but you're tense – and you know that I think everything she said is a load of crap." He cupped her face in his hands and smiled warmly at her. "So just to reiterate before we meet them; I think that you are the funniest, smartest, most the most beautiful woman I have ever met, and will ever meet. You are perfect in my eyes." He pecked her nose and smiled. "And I love you with all that I am – nothing will ever change that."

She sniffed slightly and looked up at him after a moment before putting on a mock comforting tone. "I know that you must be a little scared about facing such big, hunky guys who probably look like models." He nodded sadly, and she stroked his cheek with a more genuine smile. "So I'm going to reiterate as well; you are the only man who I will ever love romantically, because you don't care about the fake people I transform into – you only care about the real me. You care about everybody; you're the most selfless person I know, and you're so forgiving and funny that I can't help but wonder what I did to deserve you." He was about to interrupt and she grinned. "I know that you think I'm too good for you, but I don't - so let's not go there." He smiled at her and rested a hand on the top of her head – only to just catch her last whisper. "And you're devilishly handsome." She leant up and pecked his cheek before settling down in her favourite sitting position; huddled comfortably into his side.

They sat like that for several minutes before the murmuring of conversation reached their ears, and Tonks once again tensed – only to find herself relaxing when Harry squeezed her comfortingly. It was another few seconds before the owners of the voices came into sight, and Harry blanched at their appearance. He just couldn't see the appeal...at all. He looked down at Tonks, who was dressed in a pair of long jeans, a white t-shirt, and a green cardigan – and smiled; she looked beautiful. The two women who were hanging off the arms of two of the seven thugs, however, were dressed like complete and utter whores. Now normally Harry wouldn't resort to calling women whores under any circumstances – but decided to forego that personal rule just once. It was warm outside, he wouldn't deny that, but it was hardly tropical. The two women however, apparently didn't get the memo; wearing miniskirts which were far smaller than mini, knee-high striped socks, and tops that looked more like sports bras, Harry could easily say that they would look right at home standing on a corner in London's red-light district.

Harry slowly traced a finger down Tonks side and leant down to whisper to her. "You look amazing." Once again her cute blush returned, and Harry smiled warmly at her before wrapping his arms more firmly around her and closing his eyes. The enjoyment of snuggling with his wife in a beautiful park, on a beautiful day, was interrupted after only a moment, and he sighed when he heard the expected, but not welcome gasp.

"No way..." He waited for the realization to sink in – keeping his eyes closed, and listening to the frantic whispering of Tiffany to the thug whose arm she was hanging off.

After a moment Harry was forced to open his eyes when a deep voice reached his ears. "Oi, you, my girl wants to speak to you!"

Harry looked at the rather intimidating looking man with a raised eyebrow. "Well then why are you telling me that? Why doesn't she just speak for herself?"

He could see the man's surprise at Harry's lack of shivering fear – but he didn't get time to reply to Harry's retort before his 'girl' stepped forward and sneered. Harry had the sudden realization that she and Draco's cover would get on marvellously. "Well if it isn't Nymphadora." Harry bit back a witty retort and gave his wife a short squeeze as they listened to the woman's bitchy spiel. "Hiring

yourself out to teenagers now? I knew you were only good for fucking – but I still don't get why you have pink hair; trying to compensate for looking like a fucking cow? At least you've grown it longer; now your customers can grab hold of it and yank your head back when they're fucking you."

"Says the woman dressed like a wannabe street walker." It was the first words Tonks had spoken, and Harry looked down to see that she had lifted her head from his chest; a bored expression on her face and in her eyes – she had realized that her childhood tormentor was nothing more than words.

Tiffany, it seemed, didn't have a comeback on hand to reply to that, and so resorted to another, completely different insult to divert attention away from her, and onto the pink haired woman instead. With another sneer she pointed at Harry. "So who's this then? Your 'boyfriend'?" She snorted. "The only bloke you could find that wanted to date you is a teenager!"

"Miss McNally, I strongly suggest that you shut your mouth before you are forced to eat your own words."

The thug of a boyfriend moved to stepped forward, but was held back by Tiffany. When he stepped back, Harry got an idea of just who wore the pants in their relationship. This time her sneer was directed at Harry. "Ooh, looks like the little boy has some balls – maybe Nymphadora found someone who could finally match her."

Harry was astounded at the insults; it was as if he had walked back onto the school courtyard. Tonks looked at Tiffany, also shocked at the lack of more damaging insults. "Tiffany, did you get dropped on your head as a baby?"

That struck a nerve. "Fuck off bitch, you're just jealous that you don't have a boyfriend like me!"

Tonks muttered to Harry. "Bloody thanking the powers above actually."

He snickered and looked at the blonde in front of him. "She wishes me to inform you that it is the exact opposite; having a boyfriend like yours makes her feel quite nauseous – I suggest you refrain from making such comments else you may find Tonks blowing chunks –

even I find the idea quite repulsive, though I know that such a thing will never come to pass."

"Who the hell do you think you are you little shit!"

Harry looked her dead in the eyes. "Me? I'm her husband – you know, something that you're never going to ever have?" He held out his hand and grinned happily. "Married happily for nearly a year too!"

Tonks grinned at the shell-shocked expression on everyone's faces and winked at Tiffany. "You see, some people that get made fun off in primary for being different actually find loving partners; I found the man of my dreams. You however, seem to enjoy playing slutty girlfriend with a bunch of thugs that pretend to be tough, but don't own a single bit of turf whatsoever. Playing 'gangsta' by wearing baggy pants and caps only gets you so far boys – you'd be more apt at ballet than actually being in a real gang."

That seemed to be the last straw for the big boys, and they all rushed forwards – with Tiffany and the other girl's screams of "Yeah, show them what we're made of!" Harry stood quickly from the seat and sunk into a fighting stance of Tonks's own design, while she adapted a far less rigid stance; power wasn't her forte. The first man came after Harry, and found himself on the ground a moment later after receiving a devastating blow to the chest which cracked his sternum. The follow-up elbow to the head put him down completely as Harry continued with his momentum to crush the next thug in the face. He glanced over at Tonks and smiled.

The first to come after her was finding himself literally fighting himself. Tonks was easily redirecting his blows to damage him; the most painful redirection being his punch being turned upwards – which gave Tonks the moment she needed to follow through with his punch and jump up before ripping his shoulder out of its socket. Several thugs who relied on bulk was barely a workout for the couple – and it was twenty seconds later that they stood still with seven fully-grown men crying and groaning at their feet.

Harry returned to Tonks's side and smiled when she leant up and kissed him sweetly on the lips. "Come on husband of mine, Mum and Dad will have lunch ready and I'm famished." Harry nodded and turned – but paused to hear what his wife said to the cause of a number of her scars. "Tiffany, if you so much as come within one

hundred meters of me I will break both of your arms." Harry smiled and squeezed Tonks's hand when she slid it into his palm. When they were out of the park she leant into him for support and cried. He smiled softly and paused in the middle of the footpath to hug her. "Thank you Harry."

He smiled into her hair and nodded. "It's no problem love; I'll always be here for you."

R&R :-)

A/N: WARNING! Lemon is in this chapter, and it isn't the normal lemon either. This scene does contain anal sex upon request from a friend, so if that isn't your thing then skip the lemon. Hope you enjoy the chapter, and please R&R!

"Oi, Harry mate!" Ron ran up behind him and slapped his hand on his shoulder friendly before rolling his eyes. "Hermione wouldn't help me with studying because she had to go to an Ocrumanacy lesson or something – so do you want to go out to the pitch for a bit of Quidditch practice?"

Harry didn't take Hermione for a liar – but he supposed that being in love did change things quite considerably, especially after discovering that a person who you considered a friend was attempting to poison your other friend with a love potion. He looked at his digital watch and hummed to himself, they'll probably be in the fifth floor broom cupboard by now. Normally they would apparate to Potter Manor by using the little rune box Harry had gotten from the Goblins – the very same box which was above the doors to the Great Hall, which allowed anybody Harry saw fit to apparate inside the Hogwarts wards – and take a walk around the meadow, but today was a Saturday, and they knew the rules about weekends.

Truth be told, the only reason Harry was at Hogwarts rather than at home with his wife was because he needed to go and see Madam Pomfery to change his records to reflect his recent Chinese citizenship, and his now null and void English one. He grinned at the repercussions it would have when it finally broke out; he was, as of ten hours ago, in Scotland under diplomatic immunity – any attempts to arrest him would be met with fierce resistance from the entire Asian Ministry. Of course the British Ministry wouldn't even think that Harry would do such an outrageous thing, and so wouldn't realize that all of his monitoring and tracing equipment was useless; they would just assume he was being a good little boy and doing nothing out of the ordinary. "No Ron, I'm busy right now."

"Aww come on mate, it's been a while since we last went for a fly!"

Harry felt a tug on his sleeve, but quickly asserted himself and broke away from his self-proclaimed best friend's clutches. "Ron, I'm bloody busy – you know, like trying to get ready to face Voldemort and all that?"

He felt a flare of worry come from Ron and automatically found himself entering the idiot's mind to find out just what had provoked it.

"So you see Mister Weasley, by you feeding Harry the love potion, he'll not only give you all the money that you want, but he'll be too busy to worry about Voldemort."

Ron looked up at Dumbledore with a frown. "Why don't you want him thinking about He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? He's supposed to defeat him, isn't he?"

The twinkles in the old man's eyes increased tenfold. "Ah, but Mister Weasley, if that happens then you'll never get the money from his will."

"You want him to die facing the dark lord?"

"Did I mention that you get about two million galleons in the will?"

Ron's previous reservations about stopping Harry training were well and truly put to rest at that, and he nodded eagerly. "What else do you need me to do?"

Harry snarled when he saw just why his 'friend' was worried, and he had to force himself not to bite the redhead's head off when he continued. "I mean, mate, you need to relax sometimes – come on mate..." He seemed to think for a moment before he had a light bulb moment. "Cho will be there practicing now; it's the Ravenclaw's training time!"

Harry continued walking towards the Hospital Wing. "Ron, if that's the case, and you think we should just roll on up and start flying around, then you're bloody stupid – they'll think we're spying on their tactics and we'll be out on our arses quicker than you can say pigmy-puff." He then turned to his agitated companion. "Anyways, I can always fly when Voldemort's dead and gone." And with those parting words, Harry left Ron standing dumbfounded in the middle of the corridor. He quickly got his errand out of the way, making sure to memory charm the medi-witch before leaving, and then walked back to his apparition point before popping almost soundlessly away.

When he arrived back in the living room he frowned – peering at his watch before realizing that it was only nine o'clock. He quietly

walked into his bedroom and smiled at the sleeping woman in his bed before conjuring a chair beside her and gently running his hands through her soft hair. It was several minutes before she stirred, and he smiled softly when her crimson eyes opened sleepily. "Good morning beautiful."

She smiled and tugged on his hand with her own, clearly asking him to join her. He quickly stripped down to his underwear and then joined her under the sheets where she looked up at him from her pillow. "Is everything set?" He nodded and she was silent for a few moments before speaking once more. "Any word?"

He nodded again. "Draco pulled me aside last night and told me that there is going to be an attack on Diagon Alley this coming Friday. Apparently Voldemort has told his Death Eaters to use lethal force; he wants to strike fear back into the wizarding world."

She nodded and then smiled. "We're ready for him though." Harry smiled back and nuzzled her cheek with his nose – before realizing that she was blushing heavily. He waited for her to speak, but could feel the anxiety over their bond. "Harry...I want to try something, but I'm afraid that you're going to find it disgusting."

Harry smiled down at her and kissed her soft cheek. "Love, anything that you want to try, I'm willing to give a go as well."

"Bu-"

"I love you, and anything that you want to do with me is not disgusting."

BEGIN LEMON

A/N: Visit my website (link on my profile), go to "The 'Lost' Chapters" section, and it'll be there waiting for you. Be warned, it is anal sex, so if you don't like it, leave it. If you do like it, leave a review here please.

END LEMON

Tonks could feel his warmth inside of her, and smiled through the haze of lingering pleasure from their lovemaking. It was nearly an entire hour afterwards that she spoke, and it was with a slight

wobble to her voice as well – her emotions taking hold once again. "Thank you so much, that was wonderful."

He smiled tiredly down at her and gingerly pulled them both back to the head of the bed before casting a cleaning and drying charm on the sheets and pulling the covers over their tired bodies. He kissed her lovingly on the lips and smiled at her hooded eyes. "I should be the one thanking you my Nymph, I know it was painful for you at first – but you gave me something that I never thought I would get to try." He kissed her cheek before hugging her to him. "I love you, my wife."

She smiled sleepily into his chest and whispered back quietly as she slowly faded into unconsciousness. "I love you too, husband of mine."

A/N: Finally a fight scene! Once more, if you have any suggestions for where this story should go then PM me or outline it in a review (the writer's block I have for this story is atrocious). Anyways, I hope you enjoy the new chapter, and R&R if you have a moment!

Harry checked himself over for the seventh time that morning – carefully ticking things off in his head. Wand in arm holster, check; Secondary wand in boot holster, check; throwing knives on wrist, check; armour... He slapped himself a few times before nodding. Check. He turned to Tonks who was doing much the same, and mentally checked her equipment off as well – nodding in satisfaction when she came back all good to go. She had done much the same, and gave him a nod before striking a pose to break the tension. She achieved her intentions perfectly, and managed to have Harry in a rather compromising position as he comically tried to push down his hard-on.

"Damn it Tonks, you know how wound up I get before something like this!" He finally managed to calm himself by pulling his Occlumency shields to bear, something that he found he only had to employ at times like these thanks to his bond knocking out any form of mental probing save for his wife's. He nodded to her, and then pulled her into a hug – showing the last affection he would allow before they arrived back in this exact place later on that day. "Be safe and let's kick some Death Eater arse."

She chuckled and squeezed him firmly. "You too love; I know you'll keep safe." He nodded before pulling away from her, and immediately felt colder. Judging by the look on her face, she felt much the same – and he gave her a nod before apparating to one of the public apparition points at the ministry. To say that they got a few odd looks would be the understatement of the century; every person that saw them stopped to stare at their attire, and Harry quickly sent out a flurry of wandless stinging hexes at the few men he saw ogling his wife. She saw his fluttering fingers, and picked up the sounds of a few muttered obscenities in time with his movements, and gave him a small wink and a mouthed 'thanks' before they reached the security checkpoint. The guard on duty fell off his chair when the two walked straight through the cordon without any identification – but stopped himself raising the alarm when Harry sent him a hard glare.

The next checkpoint was a little better defended, in the form of three Aurors along with an official. Said official looked quite bored and looked up at the pair without a flicker of recognition. The Aurors however, quickly recognized Tonks, and gurgled when they recognized Harry. "Identification," the squat man droned, and Harry shrugged before walking right through the security barrier that was supposed to be impenetrable according to the Unspeakables. Tonks followed quickly after him, and the pair were halfway across the cobbled floor before one of the security detail yelled out for them to halt.

They froze, and turned to see the three Aurors approaching – quickly noticing that nearly everybody had begun to shrink behind cover. The Auror who had called out to them stopped about ten meters away with a stern look on his face. "I don't know how you got through the checkpoint but I'm afraid that I can't allow you to continue."

Tonks sighed and tapped her foot on the floor. "Really Henry, I'm an ex-Auror and Harry here is the Boy-Who-Lived; I'm sure you can let us twaddle along on our business."

The man shook his head and pulled his wand from his pocket. "Fraid not Tonks; neither you nor Harry Potter have the clearance to be anywhere near this area – to let you go any further would be a grave breach of my duty." He saw them move into aggressive stances and raised his wand up to point at Tonks's head; apparently disregarding Harry as a child. "Come quietly Tonks and maybe you'll be able to get out of the cells in a day or two – I'll do my best to make sure they don't charge you for trespassing."

Harry snorted and shrugged, deciding to let Tonks handle the situation. "You're asking me to come quietly? Come on Henry, you know I can kick your arse in a duel." The man tensed, sensing trouble, and not a moment too soon either – not that it helped mind you. Before he had even moved a muscle, him and the two other Aurors collapsed to the floor – stunned. Harry nodded to her and they continued through the atrium before reaching the elevator and entering. When the occupants of said elevator looked into the floor the pair had left behind, and spotted the three fallen Aurors, they quickly vacated the small cubicle and allowed Harry and Tonks to enter.

The elevator music broke through the adrenaline-fueled haze in their minds and had them laughing half the way up to their destination. It was when they stepped out however, that things took a turn for the more interesting. The first curse to come flying was a powerful blasting hex that was clearly designed for destruction now, questions later. Harry swiped it aside with his bare hand before charging out into the room beyond and erecting a number of shields so that he could quickly analyse the situation. His wife crouched down beside him after a moment, and she looked at him concentrating while his eyes snapped around the room leading to the office of Amelia Bones. Nearly fifteen Aurors were in superior positions, and they were taking turns to peek out from behind cover to attack them.

Harry nodded to Tonks, and they both sprang into action as soon as their shields collapsed from the barrage. Harry lay down a brutal wave of devastating stunners to draw attention away from Tonks, and kept an eye on the shields of the people who he was attacking. As soon as they were vulnerable, he hit them with a bodybind to incapacitate them – hurting them wouldn't be the best thing; they would be needed shortly. Tonks on the other hand, was weaving in-between the powerful, and sometimes dangerous spells while delivering horrifically accurate Confundus charms that would leave them bumbling like idiots for at least the next ten minutes.

When one of the Aurors cast the killing curse at Tonks however, Harry was just as quick to react with a curse of his own. The foreign tongue twisted his lips as he felt the rush of magic flow through him, and a moment later a burst of purple erupted from his outstretched hand – hitting the would-be-murderer dead in the chest. A moment later the effects of the spell became glaringly obvious; the man's eyes rolled back in his head and a loud crunch was heard as the man's body collapsed in upon itself – the only appendage left unaffected being his right arm. Every spell in the room ceased at that moment, and Tonks looked over at him – her wand pressed to one of the remaining Aurors' neck.

"Clearly you are all outmatched – please lower your wands." Every single survivor complied, except the ones in bodybinds, or the people that had been reduced to bumbling idiots for the time being. "Good, now I am sure that you recognize me; lightning bolt shaped scar and all, so how's about you drop the wands as well."

"You bloody killed Tony!"

The man who had yelled received a deadly glare in return. "Because he cast the killing curse at Tonks you idiot, and I responded accordingly – not with an Unforgivable as I'm sure you noticed; now drop your wand!"

The man did so, and Harry quickly summoned them all into a pile in front of the elevator before casting an anti-summoning charm on them. Tonks stepped back from the man she was keeping in check before lowering her wand, and then bounced back to Harry's side. "Missus Bones, it's just me, Tonks, and Harry; we wanted to tell you about a Death Eater attack planned for this afternoon." It was several moments before the door cracked open and several Aurors filed through – blanching when they saw the miserable state of their workmates. Amelia followed a moment later, and her eyes widened at the total decimation of her security, and the apparent lack of effort on Harry and Tonks's part. "What is the meaning of this?"

Harry stepped forward after a moment and smiled apologetically at the head of the DMLE. "Sorry about the unorthodox intrusion; we simply thought it best to kill two birds with one stone; get to you, and prove that the Auror Corps are a little less...powerful than we are."

She snorted. "Well you certainly did that, now what's this about a Death Eater attack? I need to know as soon as possible so that preparations can be made."

Tonks frowned and shook her head. "In that case we can't tell you a whole lot about the attack."

Amelia looked flustered. "And why on Earth not?"

"Because we don't want Voldemort catching wind of the fact that we know what he had planned; if he knew then he'd either cancel the attack, or come along himself to assure a victory – the latter we don't wish to happen yet, and so we cannot tell you the location, else you would begin your preparations."

Amelia looked disapprovingly at Harry and growled. "I know people praise you as the Boy-Who-Lived, but I don't buy into that crap unless I see it with my own eyes." She turned to Tonks. "Clearly this is the reason you left; judging by the fact that you've taken out all of

my security detail bar the four standing with me now, I can easily say you've gotten far better." Tonks kept her mouth shut as Amelia's eyes finally landed on the mangled remains of one of the Aurors. They both watched her eyes widen in horror before she pointed at them and yelled to her four remaining guards; apparently the cream of the crop, "ARREST THEM!"

When no move whatsoever was made to apprehend them, she turned to her detail, and took a step back when she saw the blank looks on their faces. "Just a paralysis charm Auror Bones, I assure you." She turned to face Harry, a look of fear on her features, and he sighed before walking over to the arm that was intact and rolling up the sleeve to reveal the Dark Mark – which made her gasp. "He used the killing curse, and tried to kill my w- Tonks with it, so I reacted in what I considered an appropriate manner." He let the sleeve drop before stepping back to Tonks side and taking hold of her arm. "I would suggest that you call all off-duty Aurors to be ready to apparate on my word this afternoon – I will send a Phoenix with the message." And with a momentous crack which left ears ringing, the pair apparated out of what was perceived to be one of the most heavily protected and warded buildings in Britain.

They reappeared in their customary point outside of the Great Hall looking quite green; apparating through such wards wasn't exactly pleasant. He dropped his hand from Tonks arm and gagged a couple of times before gathering himself and standing straighter, rubbing his wife's back as she recovered. Ten seconds later found them both walking purposefully down the hallways of Hogwarts, and then a minute later, interrupting McGonagall's lesson. The Scotswoman twirled angrily to see just who the troublemaker was, but froze when she saw Harry and Tonks standing there in the oddest clothes she had ever seen. Harry picked out Hermione, Neville and Draco in the gathered students, and nodded seriously to them. Without a word they packed up their books and filed out of the door. Harry turned to McGonagall. "The Marauders have been called once again I'm afraid Professor, although in less of a joking capacity than our predecessors."

With a curt nod he closed the door on the confused class, and quickly did the rounds with the other classes; pulling Daphne, Luna, and Susan from their respective classes. They all knew what to do without a word, and disappeared to change into the clothes that Harry had purchased two months ago. The last two people he had to

collect however, brought a skip into his step – because they were in a certain class in the dungeons. Tonks rolled her eyes at Harry's happy-go-lucky attitude, but couldn't help but look forward to the reaction that was bound to occur. Harry burst into the potion's room and quickly picked out the two redheads. "Marauders, on your bikes!"

The two twins whooped before banishing their bubbling potion and packing away their gear – breezing past Harry to go and prepare for the battle ahead. Snape however, was less than accommodating in regards the abrupt interruption, and the unauthorized removal of two of his students – even more so because it was Harry doing the removal. "Potter," he spat, "A hundred points from Gryffindor for interrupting this class and displaying the same arrogance as your father."

Harry raised his eyebrow at Snape's scathing tone, and stepped forward into the classroom before taking a sniff of the air. "Draught of the Living Dead?" He looked around at the assembled seventh years and smiled. "No need to nod, but I assume that you were told to brew the Draught without any textbooks whatsoever?" He turned to Snape and tutted. "You know full well that the NEWT Potions practical examinations allow for the text book to be present; forcing them to feel embarrassed that they can't remember a four page long potion is doing them nothing but harm." He turned back to the students and whispered loudly. "He's a Death Eater, feel better about yourselves yet?"

"POTTER! TWO HUNDRED POINTS FROM GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry scoffed at the angered potion's master. "Oh really Snape; not too happy that I just revealed to everyone that you're a Death Eater?" Harry hummed thoughtfully while looking Snape over for a moment. "Well you're not dressed for battle, so I'll take it that either you don't know about the impending attack of Diagon Alley, or Dumbledore decided to allow the slaughter of hundreds of innocent people." Harry slammed through the git's mental shields and then popped out when he got what he wanted, leaving a pale-faced man in front of him. Harry growled angrily, and then looked around the students around him.

"Okay, here's what is happening; there is going to be a mass attack by Death Eaters on Diagon Alley at twelve o'clock this afternoon.

Dumbledore knows all about it, but is deciding to let it go ahead so that he can have more fame and credit when I defeat the evil bastard, and then he kills me to steal my fame." Slack jaws faced his statement, and he nodded before turning to Snape. "And you, like the little obedient spy you are, are going to run off and tell Dumbles what I just did. I think not." He forced himself once again through Snape's mental shields, and left a devastating trail of destruction through the day's memories before pulling out feeling like he needed a shower. The greasy git was still dazed, and Harry turned to the students – grasping the opportunity for all it was worth. "Tell everyone, but make sure that you exclude Ron and Ginny Weasley – they're with Dumbles – as for the teachers...I'd rather they were left clueless for the most part."

He left them with a small smile and a nod, and then joined Tonks back out in the corridor before checking his watch. 11:45. "That was a little unexpected." Harry turned to look at Tonks and she continued. "I thought that you were planning on waiting before you did something like that."

He smiled at her and took her hand in his while walking. "I was, but last weekend made me realize just how much I love you." She blushed at the memory, but smiled when Harry pulled her to his side and wrapped an arm around her shoulders before pecking her on the top of her head. "And I realized that I just want this shit to be over so that I can make fun of the Ministry for a bit, and get Britain on the road to improvement. Then I want to live out the rest of my life, and beyond, loving you and just being normal – you know, like having our friends over for a barbecue just for fun; doing some travel; helping protect people with our wards; having kids."

She smiled at the last one, and leant up to kiss him. "I'd like that."

He smiled down at her and winked. "Good, because I want this all finished and ended within the next four months." And with that, they popped away to Potter Manor. Everyone turned to face them and Harry nodded before running through a checklist – which they all nodded that they had completed. "Okay, Death Eaters will be attacking Diagon Alley at twelve thirty on the dot; lethal force has been encouraged by Voldemort, so I'm giving you the okay to do exactly the same." He pulled his hood over his head and his face was covered by an impenetrable shadow – courtesy of one of the darker tomes in the Manor's library. "I caught an Auror casting the

killing curse at Tonks when we went to tell Madam Bones about the attack, and I killed him without a second thought. I know it'll hit me that I killed someone later on tonight, but I'd rather kill a few more than have the deaths of innocent people on my hands."

He looked around the shadowed faces of his friends, which he could see, and vice versa, before nodding seriously at each and every one of them. "Trust nobody except each other; the Ministry is corrupt, and Death Eaters could be Aurors. Take them down first, ask questions later – just like we practiced."

They all nodded, and gave each other grim smiles and a few pats on the back before popping one by one from the manor to an apparition point in Knockturn Alley. Harry turned to Nymphadora and gave her a firm but loving kiss before popping away with her at his side. Their appearance in the small, shady alley drew far less attention than an apparition into Diagon would have – and they quickly moved to the top of the stairs where Knockturn met the main Alley. It was lunchtime, and people crowded the street-side stalls and restaurants in a mad rush to get something down their necks in the limited time they had before they returned to work. The ten Marauders scanned the area for any signs of trouble; their eyes sharp and alert for the slightest hint of the attack to come. Harry silently called Fawkes to his shoulder before quickly strapping a note to his leg and whispering. "To Amelia Bones, Fawkes - and hurry."

With a silent flare, the magnificent bird disappeared, and Harry waited as the seconds ticked down on his watch. As soon as the day turned half twelve there was a series of cracks as the dark force apparated into the Alley, and then all hell broke loose. Harry burst from their cover and begun erecting powerful shields around the civilians to keep them both at bay and safe from the curses that begun flying a moment later. To say that the battle was brutal would be an understatement. It quickly became obvious to the Death Eaters that their opponents were just as versed, if not more so in the dark arts as they were, and they quickly begun to expand their spellbase to a horrifyingly dangerous display of magic.

Harry fought tooth and nail beside his friends; taking down Death Eaters with curses that offered some chance at survival given immediate treatment at a hospital – but he didn't hold out too much hope for them. Death Eaters continued apparating in, and soon their forces were in the fifties. It was at this point that the Auror Corp

arrived in all its glory. It took them only a moment for them to analyse who their opponents were, and they quickly joined the Marauders in their assault. Harry slammed one of the Aurors into a shield to block a cutting curse that had been aimed at his head before yelling at him to pull his finger out and get the civilians to safety.

The green beams of the killing curse were flying from the Death Eaters into the throng of Aurors, but it was when the Marauders begun firing the exact same curse back that the Aurors begun to wonder just what the hell they had gotten themselves into. Harry grunted in satisfaction as he dispatched of two Death Eaters with the curse that had killed his parents, and quickly killed a third with the same spell he had used in Amelia's reception earlier in the day. He felt a curse hit him in the back, and jolted forward when the first layer of Kevlar on his shirt stopped it, before whirling around and sending the killing curse at the one who had his wand pointed in his direction.

The Auror went down, and Harry returned to firing curses at the dwindling enemy. One of them charged, and Harry quickly whipped his wrist around to fling one of the knives that he had plucked from his opposite arm at the Eater's head. It landed with a dull thunk, and his assailant was no more. Harry was keeping count of how many were left, but cursed in annoyance when the last three disappeared after activating their emergency portkeys. He lowered his hands and quickly donned his gloves to hide the blood from some of his more close quarter encounters, before turning with a growl when he heard the voice he would much rather not hear.

"Arrest those people now, they have committed murder on fifty counts, and several of those murders were of Aurors."

Fudge looked at Harry with a proud, authority-filled expression, and the powerful youth quickly erected a shield that deflected the several incarceroous curses that were headed their way. "Minister Fudge, your stupidity continues to astound me."

The Minister blanched at the cold voice that reached his ears, and he growled at Harry. "Take off your hoods now, as the Minister of Magic I order you to do so."

Harry stood, astounded, and so Tonks stepped forward. "I think that my husband is attempting to understand your downright idiotic orders. First you accuse us of murder on fifty counts – all of which I assure you were Death Eaters; please, check for yourselves." A couple of Aurors rushed to the fallen, and gasped when they revealed the Dark Mark on their forearms. Fudge visibly paled. "Now let's just think about that a little...ten people just decimated around fifty Death Eaters, five of which were Aurors, while protecting all the civilians via shielding charms – and you order them to arrest us?"

Draco then stepped forward and sneered at the Minister. "Bar the fact that we actually did society a bloody service that your boys couldn't, you really think you could arrest us? I think we displayed our lack of remorse in using the Unforgivables – which your Aurors by the way, are by law not allowed to use – and yet you send them forwards to forcefully apprehend us?"

Fudge's complexion was rather white by this point, and Harry finally found his voice and stepped forwards. "Now you accuse us of murder Minister; and yet you cover up for a Death Eater because he bribes you."

The Aurors looked at Fudge like he was mad, and said man spluttered angrily. "I've done no such thing!"

Harry tossed a scroll to the nearest Auror who looked like he could handle himself. "There are the Gringotts records proving what I have just said – along with notes regarding the dark and shady dealings of said Malfoy." He turned back to Fudge and growled. "I should really kill you now since you're so incompetent, but I have a feeling that you're not a Death Eater, and since I'm not really into murdering innocents – though I'd hardly call you that – I think I'll let you die a political death instead."

Slowly the Marauders begun apparating away until only George and Susan were left. Their cheery farewell to the stunned Aurors hit quite a few chords. "If you hurry some of the Death Eaters might stay alive long enough to answer your questions!"

Harry retched into the toilet bowl for the fifth time, having emptied his stomach completely by the second. Tonks rubbed his back soothingly as he wiped his mouth on the towel she held out to him, and he turned to her; a tortured look in his eyes. "God Tonks, I killed twelve people today." She nodded and he retched again.

She hated seeing him in such a state, and pulled him to her chest; clean mouth be damned. She was glad the others had left immediately after apparating back into Potter Manor; she suspected they would be doing much the same at that very moment – but she was reassured at the fact that all of them were couples, and that they would be taking care of each other. She gently stroked his hair and he stilled in her embrace. "They were bad people Harry, you know that."

He nodded and hiccupped once into her breast. "Yeah, but they had wives, and kids, and people that loved them."

She sighed and nodded – having been through the same thing earlier on in her Auror days. "Yeah, but they made the choice to cause them pain as soon as they joined Voldemort."

Harry nodded again and then muttered his next words. "God Tonks, how can you stand holding me like this?"

"Because I love you." The answer was so simple, yet so important to the both of them – but Tonks knew that her husband was strung too tight for something even as solid as that to sway him; so resorted to dirtier, but more effective tactics. "How can you stand to hold me?"

His head shot up and he looked at her as if she was mad. "How could I not? You mean everything to me; I couldn't stop loving you even if I tried!" He realized what he had said, and how it related to the current situation before conceding defeat and sighing. "Okay, okay, I get it – but it's still hard to accept that I took lives in the exact same way that bastard killed my parents."

She smiled down at him reassuringly and kissed his sweat-covered forehead. "You didn't love; he killed Mum and Dad in cold blood, with no remorse, regret, or conscience. He killed them for personal gain."

"I killed them today to gain a future with you by my side."

She glared at him and he shrunk into her embrace, causing her to chuckle slightly. "Yeah, but you also saved lives as well; you stopped over a thousand people from being slaughtered today love; and goodness knows how many more by stopping those Death Eaters from ever killing, raping or torturing again." He slowly nodded his head and closed his eyes – sinking into her chest. She smiled sadly down at Harry, his innocence now completely lost, but she could feel her love growing for him the same as it always had – he loved her, and she loved him, and that was never going to change.

She gently placed a weight reducing charm on him and carried him to their bedroom before cleaning him with a few charms, and performing the same on herself. He was fast asleep when she joined him under the covers, and she held him lovingly from behind; ready for a night of comforting and assuring him he was loved after he woke screaming from the inevitable nightmares.

oOoOoOoOoOo

Harry sat in the corner of the room seething under his invisibility cloak. He'd taken to hiding his magical signature lately, but was sorely tempted to release it in all its fury before giving the people in the room, save his Tonks who was huddled beside him, a bloody big piece of his mind. There were four visible people in attendance; Albus Dumbledore, Severus Snape, and Molly and Arthur Weasley. It had become very obvious just why only such a small group was present immediately after the meeting begun.

"Harry doesn't seem to be reacting to the love potion at all Albus; I have a feeling that if this should continue then we won't get his vaults." Arthur nodded his agreement, Dumbledore hummed thoughtfully, Severus looked bored, and the two lovers under the cloak wanted to murder a redhead...or two.

"Yes, Harry has been a concern lately; it seems that Tom has been giving him power – perhaps to tempt him into going dark..." He left the end hanging and the two Weasleys gasped, while Snape snorted.

"He's going dark?"

"Now, now Molly," he smiled reassuringly at her, "I assure you that he is not; I've been affecting him with powerful compulsion charms every day, and he seems to be sticking to the light."

Another snort came from the potion's master. "As if he could even practice the Dark Arts; arrogant little shit can't even brew a blood-replenishing potion without blowing up my bloody classroom." He conveniently forgot to mention Harry's procurement of the Polyjuice potion in under an hour.

Dumbledore thought for another moment. "Perhaps Tom is helping him neutralize the love potion, as an added incentive to join him – Severus, I am aware that you are using Amortentia on Harry at the moment, but perhaps a stronger potion would be in order?"

Snape snarled gleefully. "The Vitadiligo potion Headmaster; it would ensure his love for Ginny."

This time it was Harry who held Tonks back underneath the cloak; she felt like throttling the greasy-haired Death Eater for even contemplating dosing her husband with such a potion – such was its strength and illegal nature. They both had to hold each other back from strangling Dumbledore when the old man spoke a moment later. "Yes, please brew it Severus – when will it be ready?"

"Monday at the latest; although I'll need some more questionable ingredients."

Dumbledore waved his hand as if to dispel the protest. "Get whatever you need Severus." With a positively gleeful grin the Potion's Master sunk back into his chair. "But onto more pressing matters; it seems as if a vigilante group has surfaced, and they appear to have no problems with using any means necessary against their enemies."

Molly nodded, and Snape piped up. "The Dark Lord is fearful of the new group; they killed all but three of his attack force, and sustained no losses whatsoever themselves. They also killed all four Death Eaters he had planted in the Auror Corps, and then got away – even after Fudge accused them of murder on fifty counts. I believe that this threat needs to be dealt with immediately, Headmaster."

Albus nodded warily and sighed. "Yes Severus, we must deal with it before it becomes too troublesome – there is a wedding for Amelia Bones' sister this coming Wednesday, perhaps you should suggest to Tom that he attack for retribution against Amelia's efforts against his assault on Diagon Alley. I'll make sure that news of the attack reaches the right people that are prone to spouting their mouths off, and then I'm sure that they will show up. I'll pop in right after they've killed the Death Eaters and then kill them before the Aurors arrive – I will, of course, have to kill all the other people present, but certain things cannot be avoided."

All the four nodded in agreement and support of the plan, and Harry cursed loudly in his wife's firm, comforting embrace, while she was shaking angrily in his. He was glad he had erected the silencing charms around their position beforehand, else all those assembled would have been privy to his outburst of expletives when their conversation turned to more trivial matters. After a few minutes venting he growled. "He's as bad as Voldemort." Tonks nodded into his shoulder and he clutched at her – a sad look on his face. "My first three years at Hogwarts were a lie; everything was planned save for Hermione's friendship" He chuckled humourlessly. "He has manipulated me since the day I was born; I'm sure that he knows of my treatment at the Dursleys."

Tonks tensed angrily when he said that, and pulled back to kiss him sweetly on the lips. "I know that you said to them that you would never return, but I think we should; just like Tiffany with me, it's a scar that you need to heal." She buried her head into the crook of his neck, and Harry drew in a deep breath – taking comfort in her scent and closeness. "It's a wound that I need to heal as well; knowing that they did all that to you is horrible – I'll feel like the worst wife ever if I don't do something about it."

He sighed into her hair and nodded. "Okay, we'll make a trip sometime this week – it'll give us some time to plan on what we want to do." Harry sat in the corner thinking for the rest of the meeting, and Tonks let him be, knowing that he needed to work everything through in his mind before he would speak again. He was torn; on one hand he was more than happy to leave that chapter of his life behind him; he had already caused Vernon's arm to be removed at the shoulder, and the entire family to become infertile; and he now had a wife that loved him for everything that he was – baggage and all.

To revisit the Dursleys would be reopening an old wound, and it was a wound that, although not completely healed, Harry was more than content to leave be. On the other hand, however, he knew that he couldn't be truly happy unless he dealt with the problem, and Tonks's words had struck a nerve with Harry. It was the last reason that swung him, and he gently squeezed her to get her attention, before smiling warmly at her so that she knew he wasn't mad at her for pressing the issue. She let out a relieved sigh and hugged him tightly; his silence for the past five minutes had been weighing heavily on her shoulders. Her relief only confirmed the right decision for him, and he smiled into her shoulder as Dumbledore and Snape floo'ed away. The two Weasleys hung about for another few minutes discussing some plans they had for Harry's money, and it was a happy Harry that reappeared when they had left. Harry stretched out and helped Tonks to her feet before walking over to the floo and travelling back to Potter Manor with his wife on his arm.

oOoOoOoOo

The pair didn't even bother knocking; they just walked straight into the house like they owned the place. Anybody who was watching would've assumed that they actually did, the door was open for them, and they certainly held the air of confidence one had when entering their own house. What anybody watching didn't see however, was the small wandless *alohamora* – which erased any suspicion on their presence immediately; if they were robbers then they would be fiddling around with the lock, wouldn't they?

Harry and Tonks knew that the Dursleys were away; Vernon at his job, which he had surprisingly managed to keep even minus his arm; Petunia at her Bridge club which was being held at her friend Daisy's house; and Dudley was wagging school terrorising the neighbourhood as per usual. It was a wonder the fat pig hadn't been caught by the police. Harry stood in the hallway feeling unusually calm and collected; it felt like a lifetime ago that he had been tortured and enslaved here. He walked through to the lounge for the first time in his entire life, and sat down on the plush leather couch with a sigh; Vernon and Petunia had forbidden him from any place in the house minus his bedroom, the bathroom, the laundry, and the kitchen – surprising how all the places that required work were on his 'okay' list.

Tonks joined him a moment later, and rested a hand on his shoulder – a pleading look on her face. He knew what she wanted, and in all honesty needed it himself – he needed the closure, and he was incredibly thankful that she was there to support him. He nodded and stood from the couch before taking her hand and walking towards the door that he had always attempted to steer well clear of. Unfortunately for Harry, it was right between the downstairs bathroom and the laundry, which had always made it a rather impossible task. He reached out to the door handle, but froze a millimetre short. He was suddenly afraid of returning to the place down the stairs, and berated himself for his weakness. He was just about to curse aloud when a cool, soft hand covered his own, and he turned his head to see Tonks smiling sadly at him. She leant forwards and pressed a kiss to his cheek before whispering as she withdrew; her hand still on his. "You're not alone."

He smiled at her, and together they turned the handle before pulling – releasing the damp, sooty air from inside. Harry looked down the stairs with a sense of dread, but forced himself to take the first step – drawing support from his wife whose hand was still clutched in his own. The journey downwards was like stepping into hell. Oh, there were no demons, nor flames nor Lucifer awaiting them, but the memories that they shared of the place at the bottom of the stairs were just as horrifying, if not more so. He finally stood at the bottom, and took in a deep breath before flicking the switch on the wall beside him – causing the solitary halogen tube to flicker, and then snap to life with a low hum. What it illuminated brought shudders to both of them, and started tears running down both Harry and Tonks's cheeks as their eyes came to rest on the bench in the middle of the room.

He could feel the scars on his body heat up slightly, and shuddered from both his sobs and the horrible recollections. Tonks had seen, and heard the memories that Harry had transferred to her. She had wanted to dive back into the memory after awakening from the bond-induced sleep and relive it in its entirety; feelings and all, but Harry had expressly forbidden it. It was one of only two memories that he had forbidden her from experiencing in their fullness; the other being the second torture in the same room when he was eight, and the promise she had made to him she would not break. Had she done so however, the horror she was experiencing would have been multiplied tenfold. When she saw, and felt the distress in Harry, she

pulled him into an embrace where he sobbed out his pain and anguish.

It was several minutes before his tears showed any sign of stopping, and another ten before his body stilled. He held onto her for quite some time even after that however, and she let him do so – she would stand there until she died if it helped him in even the slightest. Eventually he pulled back, but he kept her tight to his side before nodding at the room after a moment. He turned around, flicked off the light, and walked up the stairs as quickly as he could before warding the door and ground around the room with the most powerful protections in his arsenal. His last act was to cast an extremely dark charm and send it careering down into the darkness. Neither of them wanted to die, and so closed the door immediately afterwards - but both were certain in their knowledge of the complete and utter destruction of the room below which had caused them both so much pain; Harry both physical and mental, and Tonks emotionally every time she saw the dark, tortured look in his eyes.

They retreated into the lounge, and Harry pulled her into a tight embrace; burying his head in her soft, black hair. "Thank you for being there with me."

She shook her head into his shoulder and felt a few tears escape her crimson orbs. "You don't need to thank me my love, you would have done the same for me."

"It wasn't nearly as horrifying as that though, no offence."

She smiled into his shoulder; he was still worried about her feelings even though he had just faced perhaps the most painful scar he had. "None taken love, and I agree, but when it comes to things like this – please don't thank me; you love me, and that is payment enough – the fact that I know that you will help me heal as well is more than I ever hoped for."

He smiled into her hair and then pulled back to look her in the eye, placing his hand on her chest above her heart. "You are so beautiful." She smiled back, well aware that he wasn't referring to her appearance at that moment – and nuzzled back into his shoulder when he collapsed back onto the soft leather, pulling her along with him.

She stayed in her base form for another few minutes, until they heard the key in the lock, before she morphed into the same blonde-haired form that she had been in when the Dursleys had last seen her. She turned worriedly to Harry, afraid that he would be nervous, even frightened at facing his tormentors once again. His steady, calm gaze as they watched Dudley waddle into the kitchen to begin gorging himself directly from the refrigerator, and the tranquillity over their bond reassured her however, and she snuggled into his side – smiling when he wrapped an arm lovingly around her.

It was almost comical how Dudley became aware of their presence. He had finally slowed down enough to make himself a thick cheese and cold bacon sandwich, and had carried it into the lounge – where Harry and Tonks were sitting comfortably – before sitting in front of the TV without so much as a glance their way and turning it up to full volume on an action movie. Harry shrugged at Tonks when he noticed her incredulous look at his cousin, he assumed for Dudley's lack of awareness that there were two people sitting on the couch behind him, and conjured them a bowl of popcorn to enjoy the movie while waiting for Petunia and Vernon to arrive. It was nearly thirty minutes later that the movie's sound faded from the gunshots and explosions that had shaken the room for the entirety of the movie thus far – and the main character was walking slowly into a warehouse with his gun pointed forwards. Harry's eyes were glued to the screen, the tension that the silence brought forward making his heart thump nearly a tenth as hard as when he faced the Hungarian Horntail in his fourth year, and that was saying something. He grabbed another handful of popcorn and stuffed it into his mouth before chewing loudly, not noticing his cousin freeze at the sound. Tonks however, wasn't quite as riveted to the TV set, and so nudged Harry when she noticed his cousin's lack of movement – including breathing.

The couple watched as the whale's head slowly turned to look behind him, and his eyes widen when he caught sight of Harry and Tonks sitting on the couch. Harry took one look at his cousin's opening mouth and quickly cast a silencing charm before fixing his eyes back on the screen and leaning forward in his seat expectantly. Several seconds later a massive explosion rattled the speakers in the room, and Dudley broke from his daze to attempt to run from the house. Harry reflexively put him in a bodybind, inadvertently causing the fat prat to go flying face first into the fireplace with a sickening crunch. Harry didn't even notice; too engulfed in the movie, and

Tonks smiled proudly up at him; one of the people that had tortured him nearly to death was nothing more than an annoyance to Harry now, and she felt relief that he was truly healing.

After the movie finished, Harry turned to Tonks with a shrug. "I suppose it was okay; I think that the Ministry fiasco would've made a far better movie – except Sirius would've bribed the script writer to have him die shagging twin blonde bombshells." Tonks laughed and nodded her head; it would be exactly what Sirius would've done. Harry sat back and cast a scourge on Tonks and his hands to clean away the butter from the popcorn, and it was a minute later when Harry was beginning to cook him and Tonks some eggs on toast that he seemed to remember the fat slob that he had left lying on the floor.

He poked his head into the lounge for a moment to see Tonks prodding the motionless body with her foot – looking slightly put off that she was doing even that. She noticed him after a moment and took a step back. "He's out cold, either from the shock, or from the massive collision with the fireplace."

Harry raised his eyebrows in surprise, and thought back to what he had actually done with the idiot. He jumped back into the memory, and after a moment popped back again, laughing uproariously. "Really? I've wanted to knock him out for quite some time now – I just didn't envision this being the method I would use to do so."

She cast an enervate unconscious whale, and then wandlessly rolled him over so that he could see them. She then walked through to the kitchen, helped Harry serve up their small meal, and then walked back to the dining room table before channel flicking. They settled on the music program to be in the background, and then begun eating, while discussing just what they were going to do when the other two Dursleys came back. They made sure to make it as violent and horrific as it could sound, and Dudley's eyes widened in terror when they got to discussing just how much they could fetch for all their eyes in Knockturn Alley. Finally, just as they were finishing up their meal, Petunia came in the front door.

A moment later, her sickeningly sweet voice echoed out from the hallway. "Duddlekins! Are you home yet?" Hearing nothing, she walked through to the kitchen and dumped her handbag on the

counter before sighing when she saw the mess that Harry had left on the bench.

She packed it up, washing the pan, before putting it all away – much to the interest of Harry. "How's it been without me to do all your dirty work?"

His voice chilled her to the bone, even though it was quite conversational. She snapped around and her eyes widened when she saw the two people she didn't want to see ever again sitting at her table, eating her food. She gawped at them for a few moments before her eyes narrowed, and she growled lowly at them. "You said that you would never come back! Don't you think you've caused us enough trouble already?"

Tonks was in a state of shock, she really was. It was when she eventually confirmed to herself that the horse-faced woman had said exactly what she thought she had said that her emotions came into full force. She was furious. Petunia found herself blasted across the kitchen and into the wall where several knives fell and cut her. Before the black-haired woman could even realize what had happened, she found herself screaming in agony as Tonks cast the Cruciatus curse on her. Harry watched in a sort of detached, horrified fascination – his wife, the woman who was always cheery and bright, was casting one of the darkest curses in the modern magical world; a curse that required so much hate. He managed to throw off his shock enough to reach forward and touch her arm – and immediately the screaming died, replaced instead by pained sobbing.

Harry pulled Tonks to him and held her as she cried, not once glancing over at his aunt who was wailing on the floor of the kitchen. He buried his head in her hair and whispered soothingly to her, gently rubbing her back in an attempt to calm her down. It took nearly ten minutes, but she finally stilled in his arms, and he tried to pull back – but found himself held to her. He frowned, and quickly slid into her mind to see what the problem was; chuckling when he saw what the problem was. "Love, I am never going to hate you, find you repulsive or disgusting, in any way – so stop worrying; we're together no matter what."

She nodded into his chest with a happy sob, and then wiped her eyes with her shaking hands. Harry saw the shivers running through her and sympathised; casting such a dark curse took a lot out of you,

especially if you weren't used to casting such magic. He had experience much the same when he had cast the Cruciatus on Bellatrix. He led her back to the couch before levitating Petunia – still moaning pitifully – to lie beside her paralyzed son, and sitting with Tonks, blocking out the sounds of her victim. He hugged her comfortingly and then worked his way into her mind – joining her in the most intimate way he knew. She felt his presence and retreated from the real world into her inner sanctuary where he was waiting, popping into existence in the Potter Meadow.

Harry immediately pulled her into a hug, knowing that time in the outside world was passing at nearly a thousandth of the time, and confident that the wards would alert him to his uncle's presence should he walk in while they were still in Tonks's mindscape. She was still shaking, and he simply held her, wrapping his feelings of comfort around them both – a feat that was only possible in the mind. She knew that he still loved her, perhaps even more than he did previously, and it went a long way into helping her recover from the shock of causing another human being such pain. Nearly two hours passed in the meadow where the two held each other and talked – Tonks about her worries, and Harry assuring her that it was alright.

Harry felt a tingle run down his spine after their third hour, and slowly pulled his wife to her feet before kissing her sweetly on the lips. "Vernon just arrived, we have another half an hour in here before he reaches us in the real world – but it's up to you."

She nodded and nuzzled his chest. "I'm okay now, thanks to you." He smiled down at her and gently kissed her back when she pressed her lips to his. She pulled back and looked into his eyes, forcing herself not to get lost in the emerald green. "I want to face this now so that we can go home and forget about all this – so that we can move on with our lives."

Harry nodded in agreement and smiled at her. "Same here; let's go."

With a mere thought the pair returned to their bodies, and took a quick moment to readjust themselves to not feeling the other's emotions so clearly. Vernon yelled from the hallway, "What the hell is that crying about?" When he stomped into the lounge it became blatantly clear, and his face paled. He stared at his wife that was sobbing on the ground, the aftershocks of the Cruciatus curse still wracking through her body. He then looked up at his nephew and

his wife, who were looking very calm about the entire situation. Vernon couldn't say the same. "BOY!"

He moved quickly over to Harry, but froze when said raven-haired wizard raised his hand. Vernon had bad memories of that hand, more specifically that hand pointing at him. Harry's cold glare would've had smarter men running for the hills, but Vernon was not one of those smarter men. He slowly stood from his chair and walked over to his shaking, one-armed uncle before pulling his fist back and delivering a devastating blow right to the man's face – reducing his nose from three to two dimensions. Harry smiled grimly at the loud crunch, and the pained yell that followed, and looked down at his uncle who had dropped to his knees, clutching desperately at his nose. Harry was glad that he had gotten rid of his other hand – in the past his other fist would be pummelling into his face.

"As you can see, Vernon, I'm hardly a 'boy' anymore; in fact I bloody hate the term. I'm sixteen, and I am legally emancipated in the wizarding world – meaning I'm an adult, which means that I most definitely don't have to put up with your shit for a moment longer." Harry returned to his place beside his wife and stared at his three relatives bleeding, crying, or paralyzed on the floor. He just stared at them, as if trying to get into their very souls, for quite some time before sitting back and accepting Tonks's head on his chest with a smile. The smile lasted only a minute however, and it quickly disappeared when he looked back at the people that were supposed to have raised him. "So, Vernon, Petunia, I visited my bank the other day – and found something rather interesting in my financial records."

From the look in Vernon's eyes he knew exactly what was coming, hell – even Tonks was more in the dark about what was happening; she didn't know what Harry was on about. Petunia however, showed her knowledge on the topic by letting out another pitiful wail; she knew that they were screwed. "NOW LISTEN HERE BOY–"

He cut himself off when a slicing hex cut a small nick out of the crotch of his pants, and Harry glared murderously at him. "I. Am. Not. A. Boy." He took in a deep breath to calm himself, and Vernon shivered when he saw the cold, calculating look in his nephew's eyes. "I found out that when Dumbledore was in control of my vaults he made a weekly deposit into a muggle bank account. Now this on

its own wouldn't have raised too much suspicion on my part; hell, Dumbledore has made a lot of deposits into a lot of accounts using my money – but it was the amount that knocked me for a six." Tonks looked at him incredulously, surely not...

"One thousand Galleons per week to a named bank account in London. The deposits had been going for seven hundred and four weeks, which comes to a grand total of about three and a half million pounds." Tonks gaped in shock, and Vernon visibly paled. Harry on the other hand, was positively furious – not that more money had been taken from his vault, but that it had been given to the Dursleys. He was going to find out just what for. "So just why the hell were you getting paid that kind of money? More to the point, who the fuck gave it to you?"

Vernon spluttered for a few moments before managing to spit out the hated word. "Your m-mag-magical headmaster gave us the money bo—" He hurriedly corrected himself when he caught Harry's murderous glare, "Potter, he paid us to make sure you were treated right." He sneered at his last words. "And I made sure that you were."

"I WAS TREATED WORSE THAN A FUCKING SLAVE!"

"WHICH IS EXACTLY THE WAY I WAS TOLD, AND THE WAY YOU DESERVED TO BE TREATED YOU WHORE-CHILD FREAK!"
Harry froze, and stared at Vernon – too shocked to speak.

Tonks was beyond furious, and she would've killed the fat torturer right then and there had she not wanted answers. "Dumbledore knew about Harry being treated the way he was?"

Vernon pulled himself to his feet and smirked at her, still clutching at his nose, before replying nasally. "Oh he knew all about it; that old man who you liked so much even suggested some of the torture techniques!"

Harry couldn't move, he couldn't speak, he just couldn't understand. Why had he been treated the way he had? Why had he been forced into slavery and hate? Why was everything a lie? He knew that there were families out there in the wizarding world that would have gladly taken him in and raised him like their own, he knew there was, but why had Dumbledore forced him to come here – even against his

parents will? Tonks could see that her husband had locked himself into his mind to try and figure out everything, and so released her fury in front of Harry's unseeing eyes.

Her raw magic tore through Harry's bodybind that held the youngest Dursley in place, only to send both him and Petunia flying violently into the wall with dual thuds. Vernon however, received the full brunt of her magic; magic that was fuelled by pain, anger, disgust and love for the man sitting beside her. The skin on his face bubbled and burnt, while nearly every bone in his body broke simultaneously. He couldn't even scream out in pain; his vocal chords had been ripped to shreds in the onslaught, and instead he was blasted through the kitchen wall and out onto the garden in a broken, bloody heap.

After the whirlwind of magic died down there was complete and utter silence, a silence that even nature seemed to observe. Neither a hint of birdsong, nor a breath of wind sounded in the silence – and Tonks gently picked Harry up from the couch, cradling him to her chest before disappearing with a small pop a moment before an entire battalion of Aurors apparated into the house.

She arrived on their bed in Potter Manor only a moment later, and carefully lay Harry in-between the sheets. She looked at him, his breathing so slow that if she hadn't known him as she did, she would think he was sleeping, and leant down to press a chaste kiss to his lips. She found herself sitting in one of the armchairs a moment later, silently thinking just what would change about the young man she had come to love after the events of the day.

She could only hope that he still loved her.

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